

The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

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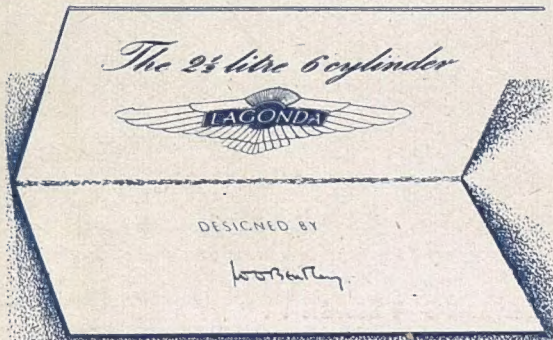
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"GREAT FIRESKINNED FRUITS WITH FRESH AND STREAMING VEINS..."

So wrote the poet, James Elroy Flecker, of the market place where Don Juan sauntered and broke a thousand hearts. Great piles of oranges, lemons, and limes bursting out in profusion from woven cane baskets. A scene of gaily coloured confusion redolent of the hot, sunny South.

Such golden words serve also to refresh our happy memories of the healthful variety found in Kia-Ora fruit drinks.

REMEMBER...

KIA-ORA

A REFRESHING THOUGHT

THE TATLER and BYSTANDER



PAULETTE GODDARD AS MRS. CHEVELEY

The filming of Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband* in Technicolor is now well advanced at London Films studios at Shepperton. The leading part of Mrs. Cheveley is being played by Paulette Goddard, who is seen in one of the numerous striking scenes and beautiful dresses, by Cecil Beaton, with which this story of late nineteenth-century society abounds. Others in the film, which is the first in Sir Alexander Korda's new programme, are Michael Wilding, Diana Wynyard, Glynis Johns, Constance Collier and Sir C. Aubrey Smith



Decoration by Wysard

Portraits in Print

Sean Fielding

WE are obliged to a correspondent (a Miss Hobbs) for drawing attention to the subject of inns and their signs, and for supporting her remarks with a photograph showing the talented handiwork of Count Mildmay Stayner, landlord of the "Three Willows" at Birchanger on the Essex-Herts border. I have no sure way of judging the age of this house, but take it to be not more than a couple of hundred years—a fair span if by no means an exceptional one in a country thick with inns, pubs and ale-houses of really impressive antiquity. However, the feature about the "Three Willows" which is unusual is the big steel sign which disdains to beckon in the traveller with three willow trees, as one might suppose it would, but presents to the eye three batsmen *circa* 1760, 1870 and 1946. This is an imaginative touch—and the better for being very well painted in oils—which others could follow with advantage to themselves and the alleviation of the somewhat grey and hangdog look of the country generally.

The Devil's Lure

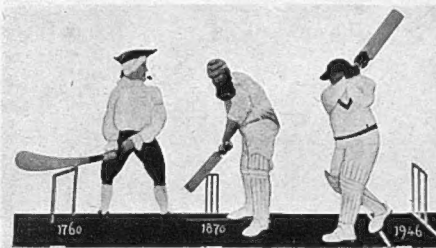
ALL too little attention is paid to this sort of thing. We have retrogressed by many leagues since the days of, for example, old Ben Jonson, one of the mightiest of tavern-frequenters in our island story, whose genius glowed so brightly in the early seventeenth century and who once shifted his London rooms to Temple Bar so that he could be nearer the Devil Tavern. This haunt was on the south side of Fleet Street where Child's Bank now stands and a word about its sign is necessary.

This hung well out into the street, brightly painted, swinging but gently in the stiffest breeze; there was represented St. Dunstan seizing the Devil by the nose as the Sable One came to tempt him during his labour at the goldsmith's forge. Thus the true name of the house was "St. Dunstan and the Devil," over the years becoming corrupted into "The Devil" largely through the charming habit of lawyer customers who, upon nipping from their chambers for necessary refreshment, pinned upon their doors the precise announcement—"Gone to the Devil. Returning anon." It was, in Jonson's day, kept by one Simon Wadloe, who appears to have been a first-class man at his job and who had the sense to see that wits were a good investment even if their pockets were light. Jonson had already made "The Mermaid" at Cheapside a notable house, but "The Devil" attracted him even

more and to it he and his cohorts removed in some force founding there the Apollo Club together with some wholly admirable "sociable rules" for guidance.

Intellectual Mart

LDARESAY the heirs and successors to Child's Bank (Messrs. Glyn, Mills and Co.) still have the gilded bust of Apollo and the "Welcome" in hearty flowing rhyme which Jonson had placed near the door of "The Devil." Such things should not be lost sight of for they help us to keep touch with the tavern life of old London upon which one may endlessly draw for a study of national manners and customs. In the days when newspapers and magazines were few and business was conducted somewhat more privately than at present, the nearest tavern took the place with the ordinary shopkeeper that the Royal Exchange took with the merchant. Here



The "Three Willows" sign

gathered the writers, the poets and the philosophers as well as the really earnest drinkers and trenchermen.

Taverns lined the main thoroughfares of London, and particularly the artery which followed the course of the river from London Bridge by way of Cheapside, Fleet Street and the Strand to Westminster. It is, I think, not generally appreciated that most of these houses issued their own coinage bearing mine host's name and the name and sign of his inn. This custom—which was very widespread in the middle seventeenth century—is worth looking into. It arose largely because the Government struck its small change (farthings, ha'pennies and pennies) in silver so small and thin in size as to be considered a loss rather than a gain to persons doing business. Something larger and more substantial was required and there thus came about traders' "tokens" which were, in fact, small accommodation bills payable at sight. And did you ever come across an Abbey-piece? or a Nuremberg-counter? Both

were common, and for the same reason and purpose, at the time of which we now speak. The Abbey-pieces were of copper and were about the size of a florin bearing, usually, a Latin inscription. The Nuremberg-counters had sometimes a counting table on one side and an emblematic device upon the other and were largely the product of one Hans Krauwinkel, who can well be said to have turned a pretty penny one way and another.

End of the Private Mint

TO take this to its logical end it must be added that an attempt was made during Elizabeth's reign to supersede this *pseudo moneta* by a legitimate copper currency; but Bess herself was contemptuous of it, holding, with queenly arrogance, that precious metal alone should properly bear her effigy. James I also had a shot at it, with no great success. It was not until the Restoration that Government really bestirred itself, and again not until 1674 that traders' tokens were finally prohibited by royal proclamation.

It seems a pity that inn-keepers should have been included in the general ban. At this moment I have before me an engraving of a token-piece issued by the proprietor of "The Cock," in Fleet Street. On the one side it bears the representation of a cock surrounded by the words "The Cock Ale House" and on the other the initials "G. H. M.," encircled, and the wording "At Temple Barr 1655." During the Great Plague he closed the house and advertised the fact "to all persons who have any accounts with the master, or farthings belonging to the said house" that they might be paid or exchanged for the proper currency. Honest fellow. The very thought of him and his good house makes me thirsty, and as this condition may also be that of my readers, it were better now to leave the subject.

Words Without Songs

By J. R.

March: On the Escalator

Right up! Left up!

"Stand on the right so that others may pass"

Up left! Up right!

"Cicely Someone in 'Don't Be An Ass'"

Left up! Right up!

Heavens, my legs are beginning to ache!

I wonder how long this is going to take?

I couldn't believe I'd get so out of breath,

My eyeballs are bulging—I'm feeling like death

Perhaps it's excitement at coming to Town

Up right! Up left!

You're on the wrong stair, lady—this is the "Down."



MISS SHARMAN DOUGLAS
DAUGHTER OF THE U.S.
AMBASSADOR

The attractive and popular daughter of the Hon. Lewis W. Douglas and Mrs. Douglas is keenly interested in current events and keeps a large scrap album of the activities of her friends, herself and the world at large. She is seen keeping it up to date in company with her wire-haired terrier "Reggie"

George Bilainkin:

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

ALONG the cold roads in the suburbs of a city torn with war, a bearded man of about sixty walked slowly by the side of a white-faced young wife, begging. They were seeking food for two little children. Most of those approached offered vegetables, generally carrots, and the couple returned wearily but happily to their shelter. To the accompaniment of rifle fire from soldiers, the process was daily repeated for six to seven weeks during the siege of Budapest two years ago.

Today the beggars of early 1945 are the heads of the Hungarian Legation at St. James's, their Excellencies M. and Mme Istvan (Stephen) Bede. M. Bede, without his successful facial disguise, looks only his age, forty-three. Their two pretty daughters are safe in London. When the final step in the liquidation of the war between Hungary and Great Britain is taken shortly, by the ratification of the peace treaty, the Minister will drop the title he has held since last year, when he was appointed "Political Representative." In many respects it is a miracle that this native of southern Hungary, who studied in the north of what had been left of Hungary following the first World War, should have survived the last war vicissitudes.

AFTER studying economics at Budapest University, Bede joined the diplomatic service as attaché in Bratislava. Dramatic years followed as secretary of legation in Belgrade, until 1939. Returning to Budapest, in the political department, Bede became head of the Press department of the Foreign Office in 1943. On March 19, 1944, the Germans entered the country and Bede, who had done his best to prevent the growing Nazification of the Press, escaped and decided to hide.

Officers in the army and government officials who surrendered their posts were threatened with instant death. Bede waited two or three days and later travelled to the south. He remained for a while in a village with friends, and, becoming alarmed lest his family might be taken into "protective" custody, asked his wife to join him. All remained together till October 15, when the Nazi Party assumed power. Bede, known in the village, decided it would be safer to hide in a big city. He journeyed north, and found that the diplomatic passport had its uses with simple soldiers and peasants.

Several times daily Mme Bede, listening to the radio, heard the threat of death for officials who did not return to their desks. For Bede it was equally unpleasant, for people who harboured fugitives were also told the penalty was death. Thrills came in quickening tempo. Two Gestapo agents calling at villas asked a maid if she had seen any strangers or suspicious characters. With presence of mind she calmly said, "No." Hiding in the larder, under a supply of bottles of fruit and tins of meat, and overhearing the conversation, was Bede.

THAT night he destroyed his papers, and went to another friend's, newly equipped with a dead man's passport, and history, against "snap" interrogations.

At 11.30 on Christmas morning, 1944, the first Russian entered his host's house. On succeeding days the Bedes watched Russian guns placed in adjoining gardens firing into the hills, into the portion of Budapest where lived his mother and sister, his mother-in-law and more relatives.

After the capitulation, Bede and his wife walked for four hours, through burning debris, bodies of Germans and horses, to find their former home. During the fierce battles much had been destroyed. But their families were safe and sound. Their goods were undamaged. There was a roof again.



Bassano
H.E. Mme Stephen Bede,
wife of the Hungarian Re-
presentative at St. James's

Show Guide

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Somerset Maugham's cynical and witty dialogue and Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Ronald Squire, Charles Victor and Irene Browne.

Off the Record (Apollo). This Naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Hugh Wakefield, Hubert Clegg and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

The Man from the Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

A Sleeping Clergyman (Criterion). Robert Donat and Margaret Leighton in a revival of this unusual play by James Bridie.

We Proudly Present (Duke of York's). Ivor Novello takes us backstage, and with gentle satire peels the gilt off the gingerbread, aided by Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

The Eagle Has Two Heads (Globe). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Noel Coward and Joyce Carey in their original parts.

Edward My Son (His Majesty's). Tragic comedy. Period 1919-1947. Play by Noel Langley and Robert Morley who acts brilliantly with fine support from Peggy Ashcroft.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Allenby and Frederick Leister.

Pygmalion (Lyric, Hammersmith). Alec Clunes as Professor Higgins and Brenda Bruce as Eliza Doolittle in a revival of Shaw's famous comedy.

Ever Since Paradise (New). J. B. Priestley philosophizes on marriage in a series of stylish charades, and Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans play many parts delightfully.

1066 and All That (Strand). Leslie Henson and Doris Hare gambol through the ages in a series of historical incidents in a far from serious vein.

Now Barabbas (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

Worm's Eye View (Whitehall). Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs are in this entertaining comedy about R.A.F. men who have billet trouble.

Twelfth Night (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). Produced by Robert Atkins with Mary Honer and Kynaston Reeves.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizabeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Annie, Get Your Gun (Coliseum). Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

Oklahoma! (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative. Moves with typical Transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

The Bird-Seller (Palace). This charming operetta about romantic complications at the court of an Empress has Richard Tauber conducting, Irene Ambrus, James Etherington, Adele Dixon and Douglas Byng singing.

Here, There and Everywhere (Palladium). Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.



Gordon Anthony

LEADING LADY OF "TRESPASS"

Daphne Arthur, the daughter of Colonel Sir Charles Arthur, M.C., V.D., and Lady Arthur, of St. Albans, is to play her first important leading role in the West End, as Françoise Rosay's daughter in "Trespass," by Emyln Williams. The play opened in Manchester recently and comes to London in a fortnight's time. Daphne Arthur was trained at the Central School of Dramatic Art, where she got a scholarship. From there she went into repertory and then in 1944-45 played at the Arts Theatre

At the Theatre

"Noose" (Saville)

HEAVY sighs are sometimes drawn about the disappearance of melodrama from our dramatists' repertoire. From the classics to Tod Slaughter the dark deed and the menacing threat kept a large and steadfast public, unseduced by changes in theatrical fashion. But of recent years melodrama, overshadowed perhaps by the imminent and real horror of war, has been conspicuously absent from our stages.

It has required one of war's most unpleasant by-products to bring it back—not, it is true, in its traditional gesticulating, muttering midnight guise, but bearing the polish of wit and the awareness of being highly contemporary. Mr. Richard Llewellyn, the author of *Noose*, has seized an opportunity with brilliance. His study of a particularly noisome corner of the Black (and White Slave) Market, and of its cleaning-up by a hefty, good-natured gang of newly demobilized ex-Servicemen with a sturdy grievance, is not only good entertainment but good social comment.

It concerns a lady journalist (of, it is true, rather incredible naivete in view of the tough assignments she gets) who has by her articles drawn upon herself the undesirable attention of one Edoardo Sugiani, a creature of the pit in whom the substitution of nervous violence for stamina has been perfectly made by Nature. Returns from the wars her cavalier, to realize that while he and his comrades have been fighting and dying over the sands and jungles, Sugiani and his like have been fattening their bank accounts with every device of villainy and exploitation.

THE law has been moving against him, it is true, but only in short, misjudged rushes, for the law is blind without clear and unassailable evidence to guide it, as Sugiani is too well aware. So Captain Hoyle thinks of a better one. He enlists a remarkably assorted band of his former companions of all ranks and sets in motion an operation based on military tactics which fairly runs the gangsters off their

feet, leaves the police bemused and finally heads Sugiani into the net with one mesh from which there is no escape but quicklime.

Of the players, Mr. Charles Goldner as the Black Market king is pre-eminent both by his own talents and by the excellencies of the part written for him. His savage spasms of an otherwise carefully husbanded energy are effective out of all proportion to their frequency. It is by their spell that he holds his lieutenants and hypnotizes his victims, and in Mr. Goldner's hands they are beautifully timed and expressed. His crown prince in crime, played by Nigel Patrick, is at once a more commonplace, more human and more humorous ruffian, but we think more often during his performance, "What a clever actor," or "What a good joke," than we do with Mr. Goldner whose identification with his part permits no such detachment. Michael Hordern plays Captain Hoyle with agreeable breeziness and virility, and Campbell Singer as Inspector Rendall is the very mould of shackled and blinkered justice.

PATRICIA HILLIARD as Linda Medbury, the cause of all the trouble, has little to do except look charming, sympathetic and horrified by turns, actions which obviously do not extend her appreciably. Quite otherwise is it with the wretched cocotte informer Annie Foss, played by Elaine Garreau, the one character with whom we take the plunge into melodrama pure and simple. She does it with all the heartiness the part requires, and when she finally disappears, kicking and screaming in the grip of a strong-arm man, we have a strong feeling that poetic justice has been done.

The production by Reginald Tate demands honourable mention. A play such as *Noose* lives by its speed, and the ingenious streamlining of the awkward corners by Mr. Tate gives it that quality in abundance.

J. M.

The Dramatic Critic, Mr. Anthony Cookman, will resume his articles next week.



"Bar" Gorman (Nigel Patrick), the chief gangster's not-so-faithful henchman



Tom Titt

Edoardo Sugiani (Charles Goldner), looks as though a long night's sleep would do him good

Backstage with Beaumont Kent

THERE is every indication that J. B. Priestley's *Ever Since Paradise*, now at the New Theatre, will be as widely performed on the Continent as was *Dangerous Corner*, which was played in nearly every country of Europe.

His new play will shortly be presented in Vienna at the Josefstadt Theatre, with Paula Wessely (the film star of *Masquerade* fame) and Attila Horbiger in the leading parts created over here by Ursula Jeans and Robert Livesey. In Stockholm it is one of the biggest successes of recent years and is enjoying a record run. It is also to be produced in Copenhagen and Oslo in September. The Hungarian and Swiss rights have been sold, and France and America are negotiating for production.

THE new play by Roland Pertwee to which I referred recently is to be entitled *School for Spinsters* and when it opens its pre-London tour on July 28 it will probably have Sheila Sim, Iris Hoey and Julian Mitchell among its principals.

It is a domestic comedy set in the Boer War period and those who have read it tell me that it will be found even more delightful than Pertwee's *Pink String and Sealing Wax* in which Iris Hoey as a materfamilias had one of her best parts in recent years. This time she will appear as a spinster.

BERNARD DELFONT is very happy about the success of his international variety policy at the London Casino, and though he promises a regular change of bill is not worried about the possibility of a scarcity of suitable turns. He has talent scouts on the lookout in America and on the Continent, where France and Scandinavia seem to yield the best finds. In the new programme to be presented on Monday there are acts from China, Morocco, Switzerland, France and America.

In the old days of international variety at such houses as the Palace and Empire the British turn had a comparatively small showing, but, says Delfont, "I have to be careful to observe the quota of sixty per cent British and forty per cent foreign turns. That, of course, is only fair, but it rather handicaps me in exploiting new business."

MANY of the critics who saw the Cavalcade of Transport at the Scala some weeks ago were struck by the ability and appearance of John Westbrook, who not only declaimed verse very finely but adorned the stage with a handsome presence. I am glad to hear that this hitherto unknown young actor has been chosen for the leading role opposite the Metropolitan Opera star Mimi Benzell in Lee Ephraim's production of *The Chinese Nightingale* which opens at the Princes on July 10.

Apart from appearing as the ghost of Lincoln in *The Assassin* at the Lyric, Hammersmith early in the year Westbrook, who during the war served in the R.A.F., has been associated only with repertory.

WHEN *The Dubarry*, the Millöcker operetta in which the German star Anny Ahlers shortly before her tragic death made a sensational success at His Majesty's in 1932, is revived in the autumn, the principals will be two American stars—Irene Manning, who has recently been singing in *Gay Rosalinda* in San Francisco, and John Hendrik, who has sung the Tauber part in *Land of Smiles* in the States. Filmgoers will recall Miss Manning in such pictures as *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, *I Lived in Grosvenor Square* and *Harvest Moon*.

The company will include Jerry Verno, Frank Leighton and Barrie Livesey. Arthur Lane, who is sending it out on a preliminary tour, is a young ex-naval officer who before the war, during which he served on H.M.S. *King George V*, was concerned for several years with provincial production. This will be his first West End venture.

D R. ANGELUS, the new James Bridie play which recently opened a provincial tour with Alastair Sim in the principal role, is due in the West End on August Bank Holiday.

Youngman Carter

At The Pictures

Query, Query, Query



James Mason plays a brilliant surgeon with homicidal intentions in *"The Upturned Glass,"* in which he is supported by his wife Pamela Kellino, and Rosamond John

TO an inquiring mind, three mysteries present themselves for solution this week. Two of them are minor problems, it is true, but each in its way is baffling. Enigma Number One is the case of James Mason's outer breast pocket and all it conveys. Mr. Mason is currently portraying an eminent brain surgeon and criminal psychologist in *The Upturned Glass* now at the Gaumont, Haymarket.

This considerable actor has several professional assets; a rugged he-man countenance, a blue chin, a certain independence of spirit in the matter of not caring a tinker's Shinwell about felicitous camera angles and a fine sibilant actor's voice, full of virility, yet under a nicely judged control. Cast as a tough boy he can be magnificently convincing. As a Harley Street success with an elegant background, a man whose hands were made for scalpels rather than bludgeons, a man of culture (though with a penchant for bad pianos) the conviction is less secure. The uncomfortable white collar, the exaggerated old school tie and—strangest of all—the odd array of writing equipment in the outer pocket; these are accoutrements one feels Mr. Mason flings away as soon as he gets off the set.

THE story is markedly familiar, with one or two tricks and twists added by way of variation. The theme is our old friend the Doctor-Patient relationship getting out of hand, complete with the customary scene in an operating theatre in which the audience is denied (alas) an anaesthetic.

It may be that the "let-me-tell-you-about-my-operation" appeal is not yet exhausted, but after this film it would be pleasant if the theatre, the bowls, the knives, the disinfectants, the lights, the aprons, the gloves and the whole frightening paraphernalia could be returned to Messrs. Men in White Ltd. (the Old Firm) and kept under lock and key for five years or so.

Meantime Mr. Mason is lecturing his students upon the Psychology of the Criminal and it is soon apparent that the particular case history he is relating is his own. He has fallen in love with Emma, a married woman (Rosamond John) whose daughter Ann (Ann Stevens) he has saved from blindness. The affair, like all Brief Interludes, has to come to an end, but immediately after Emma has said

Goodbye for Ever she is killed by a fall from her bedroom window. Is it suicide, sudden giddiness, or murder?

MR. MASON inclines to the latter theory, his suspect being Emma's sister-in-law, Kate. At this point, Miss Pamela Kellino presents a most intelligent study of this unspeakable little gold-digger, to whom "our liberal shepherds give a grosser name."

After some preliminary skirmishing at a cocktail party, in which the director (Lawrence Huntington) is at the top of his form, Detective Mason establishes contact with the minx and in due course gets as near the truth as makes no difference. Wielding the Sword of Justice instead of the scalpel, Mr. Mason plans the perfect murder of retribution.

To his lecture-room audience, he retails just how clever he has been in laying his plans, describing his project as a *fait accompli*. Yet one of his students sees through this device and in a couple of deft questions slyly points out that the hero of the story is obviously a



Betty Hutton re-lives many of the most daring of "The Exploits of Elaine" in *"The Perils of Pauline,"* which is a Hollywood version of the life of Pearl White

paranoiac. Mr. Peter Cotes in this brief glimpse is quite brilliant: the quick comprehending quirk at the corner of his mouth brings home to the specialist, and to us, the whole horrid truth.

DESPITE this knowledge he goes on with his scheme. His plan however, does not run according to schedule: the murder although finally accomplished is dangerously imperfect. Mr. Mason is left with a body in the back of his car, and a choice between disposing of it in safety or risking discovery by getting involved in an emergency operation on a small patient thrown, fortuitously, in his path.

The film, like the murder, is only partially successful. It jolts along from one moment of suspense to the next but no one could describe it as a happy affair. Another deep depression has left Islington, in fact. And all to provide James Mason with a storm in what is not really his cup of tea.

Mr. Fred Astaire, almost the only American actor who knows how to wear a hat, is now unfortunately in silent retirement, and Mr. John Lund, the male half of this inglorious Technicolor exhibit, raises the question (but not his hat) once more. Seekers after enlightenment and picturegoers hoping for nostalgic memories of their old favourites will find no comfort here.

This brassy musical is, according to the synopsis, concerned with "the life, times and romance of Pearl White, queen of the serials when Movies were young." And there was no more fascinating tale to be told, for the real Pearl White started as an infant toddler in the theatre at the age of six. In her teens she was a bareback circus rider. Her skill, her good looks, and her courage made her a natural choice for an astute director of the days when stars had to do their own dangerous work. She was thrice married and twice divorced, her third choice being a wealthy Egyptian.

Miss Betty Hutton, however, is made to depict our heroine as a stage-struck seamstress arriving at fame, fortune and true love by a series of lucky breaks, and the good offices of an old troupier (Miss Constance Collier) who makes a gallant attempt to introduce some reality into this stale collation of poppycock.

FINALLY, *Sinbad the Sailor* (Odeon, Marble Arch). It is hard to gauge the exact type of precocious adolescent for whom this charade was devised. Certainly the child was beyond the age for fairy tales, illiterate, deaf, sadistic and high on colour blind but not without some sort of dawning relish for the facts of life. The picture shows Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who used to be quite a promising actor, leaping about in a series of elaborate settings, each of which recalls the taste and charm of a coloured post card of Brighton circa 1912.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., after five years in the U.S. Navy, returns to the screen in this Technicolor extravaganza from *"The Arabian Nights,"* "Sinbad the Sailor"

Aiding and abetting this display is Miss Maureen O'Hara, in company with many persons arrayed in all manner of paints, powders, silks, wigs, false beards, swords, jewels and theatrical props beyond number. Nathan indeed, speaks unto Nathan.

But that child for whom all this is so calculatingly arranged: what on earth will the little wretch be like when he grows up?

He's the third problem.

A PRIVATE DANCE IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE



Mrs. Michael Ryde, Lt.-Cdr. Peter Smythe, Col. John Fuller, Mrs. Dorval and Mrs. J. Rank



Lady Cross, wife of Sir Ronald Cross, with Dr. R. E. MacEachen, the Uruguayan Ambassador



Miss O'Farrell and Major Telfer-Smollett. The dance was given at the Hyde Park Hotel



Brig. and Mrs. H. D. Graham, visitors from Ottawa, with Mr. Anthony Newman



Katherine Duchess of Leeds and Sir Hugh Gurney, a former Ambassador to Brazil



Miss Nancy Gount and Capt. the Master of Erskine, who is Lord Erskine's heir



The Hon. Mrs. Ralph Hubbard, Lord Ashfield's elder daughter, with Sir Lacey and Lady Vincent



Mrs. Rowland Rank and the Hon. Frank Hopwood, Lord Southborough's younger son, at the party which Mrs. Rank gave to her friends at the Dorchester in Ascot week



Mrs. O'Farrell, Miss Mary Barnes, Miss Marie Millington-Drake, younger daughter of Sir Eugen Millington-Drake, and Lady Ovey. The joint-hostesses, Countess Manvers and Lady Millington-Drake, gave the ball for their daughters, Lady Frederica Pierrepont and Miss Marie Millington-Drake

Mrs. Rowland Rank Gives
an Ascot Party

WEDDING IN A DANISH



Major the Hon. Paul Greenway, Lord Greenway's heir, Mr. Hopkins, the Hon. Mrs. Greenway, Lady Rendlesham and Mrs. Hopkins



Major Ian Skimming and Mrs. Anne Butler were two others at this very successful ball, which was held at the Dorchester



Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Mann, Mr. Peter de Simone, Miss J. Hutchins and Mr. J. H. Bartlett at the supper table



Mrs. Denis Burke, chairman of the ball, Mrs. Mark Ostrer, a vice-president, and Miss Diana Cunliffe-Owen received the guests

At the Airborne Forces Ball



H.H. Prince Jacques of Bourbon-Parma and Princess Birgitte, formerly Countess Holstein-Ledreborg, after their wedding in the chapel of Ledreborg Castle, near Copenhagen. Prince Jacques, now a civil air pilot, was with the R.A.F. during the war



Crown Princess Martha of Norway with Prince George of Greece and the bridegroom's father, Prince René of Bourbon-Parma (right)



Princess Nan Bourbon-Parma, Prince George of Denmark, Count Holstein-Ledreborg, and Prince Jean and Princess Elisabeth of Luxembourg

CASTLE



The bridegroom's parents, H.H. Prince René and Princess Margrethe of Bourbon-Parma. It was their twenty-sixth wedding anniversary



A group of Court ladies (standing): Jennet Adrian (Somerville), Alison Walker, Carol Mullen (Somerville), Ann Johnstone, Audrey Gillmore and Betty Sadler (St. Hugh's); and seated: Ann Hughes-Jones (Somerville), Elizabeth Besch and Elizabeth Spranger (Somerville)



The principal players were John Hale (Jesus) as Ferdinand, King of Navarre and Ann Johnstone as the Princess of France



The scene between Maria (Carol Mullen, of Somerville) and Longaville (Michael Vowden, Magdalen)



Varvara

Seventeen-year-old Princess Ragnhild, daughter of Crown Prince Olav of Norway, was one of the younger guests



Johnson, Oxford

Anthony Besch, the producer, going through the script with the cast. The play, given in the beautiful grounds of Merton College, ended a very full and exciting term

The O.U.D.S. Present "Love's Labour's Lost,"
at Merton College

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL

JOURNAL

ROYAL ASCOT opened in brilliant sunshine with the traditional pageantry of the Royal procession driving up the course, led by their Majesties the King and Queen in an open carriage drawn by four Windsor greys, with outriders and postilions in their scarlet and gold livery. For the first time since the war men wore grey top-hats and morning coats in the Royal Enclosure, which I have never seen so crowded. On the first and third days some of the women's clothes were lovely, but they were rather hidden on the other two days when it rained.

With the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret in the Royal Box each day I saw many friends and relations, including the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, with their daughter Lady May Abel-Smith, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the Earl and Countess of Hopetoun, Lady Mary Cambridge and Lord Mildmay of Flete, whom I noticed Princess Elizabeth often consulted about the horses as they went down to the post.

The Queen and the Princesses wore pastel shades each day. These were not new clothes but had all been worn on their recent tour of South Africa. On Gold Cup day, when the Queen wore pink, I noticed she had two magnificent flower clips of rubies and diamonds on the lapel of her coat, and Princess Elizabeth wore a small spray of flowers made entirely of diamonds.

THE Diplomatic Box was full each day, and here I saw the Brazilian Ambassador with Dona Moniz de Aragao, the Chilean Ambassador with Mme. Bianchi, who looked lovely in pink one day and pale blue another. The Netherlands Ambassador was accompanied by gracious Mme. Verduynen in navy blue. The French Ambassador was escorting Mme. Massigli, who looked tremendously chic each day; her white dress worn with an enormous oyster-coloured felt hat trimmed with a silver pheasant's feather on the first day was as much admired as the black-and-brown dress and hat she wore on Gold Cup day. Mme. Ruegger looked charming in a gay print and small hat trimmed cleverly with red and white roses. She was with her husband, the good-looking Swiss Minister. Mme. Thieusies, who was with the Belgian Ambassador, chose a bright green and white dress with a black tulle hat.

The Chinese Ambassador was there with Mme. Cheng, the Yugoslav Ambassador with Mme. Leontic; the Duchess of Luna, looking nice in pink and black, was with the Marquis and Marquesa de Santa Cruz, the latter looking exceptionally elegant each day. The Duchess of Luna was saying good-bye to many of her friends, as the Duke of Luna is shortly leaving his post as Naval Attaché at the Spanish Embassy, and they are both returning to Spain, where she told me her children had already gone. Two more diplomats I saw were Mr. Bob Coe and Mr. Fred Salter, of the U.S. Embassy. The latter was escorting Mrs. Margaret Biddle, who on the first day looked extremely smart, wearing a very large black hat with a beautifully tailored black coat on the lapel of which she wore the most exquisite large diamond motif, so beautiful and outstanding that several people asked me if I had seen this lovely piece of jewellery. Another day she wore fascinating diamond feathers in her small hat and on her dress.

WATCHING the racing from the Jockey Club Box I saw the Countess of Rosebery, Mrs. Washington Singer, Lady Willoughby de Broke, looking really lovely in an enormous black off-the-face hat and print dress, Lady Stanley and the Duchess of Norfolk,

who wore an amusing print of scarlet horses prancing on a white ground; Lady Caroline Thynne, I noticed, wore the same print in blue and white next day. There were several duplicate outfits in the Enclosure, and one famous house had made five identical navy-and-white check suits, which all appeared on the same day!

Lunching in the Cavalry Club tent, which combines with the Carlton Club, I met Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale with their daughter Raine, who looked pretty in a short printed silk dress, Baron and Baroness Waldener, Sir Frank Sanderson, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, who a few nights before had given one of his Allies Welcome Committee parties (more about this next week), Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert (in blue), and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burns and their house party. Major Crocker Bulteel, the Clerk of the Course, is to be congratulated on moving all the luncheon tents from across the course to a corner of the car park at the end of the paddock, which is much more accessible.

Their Majesties made several visits to the paddock during the meeting, and among others I noticed watching the horses were the Earl of Rosebery with the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Stanley and Viscount Allendale. The Aga Khan came to see his horses several times, and I saw the Begum Aga Khan with the Maharanee of Baroda, Lord and Lady Wavell chatting to friends, Lady Sudely, in a smart plastic mackintosh on one of the wet days, the Earl and Countess of Normanton, Lady Melchett, Miss Jacqueline Carlile, Mrs. Brian Mountain, Mrs. David Stobart chatting to Mrs. Ridpath, Lady Cope and her daughter Jean, Mrs. Paul Richey, in an outstanding print dress of coloured sombreros, Lady Viola Dundas and the Hon. Mrs. Harry McGowan.

OTHERS strolling in the Royal Enclosure were the Duchess of Buccleuch, looking lovely, the tall and handsome Marchioness of Linlithgow, wearing fine pearls with her attractive yellow-and-grey dress, the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, Lord and Lady Huntingfield, the Hon. John Fox Strangways, Lady George Scott, very pretty in pink with a large black hat, Lord and Lady Kemsley, Mrs. "Bea" Davis, looking attractive in a blue-and-black print with a large black hat, Miss Georgette Hart, escorted by her fiancé, Sir John Carden, Mr. Hector and Lady Jean Christie, Mrs. Margaret Sweeny, very lovely in navy blue with a pink hat, and the Marchioness of Huntley, looking very attractive in a grey dress and large grey hat trimmed with a pink rose which matched her pink suede gloves; she was escorted, when I met her, by two of her brothers.

Mrs. Walter Whigham looked very nice in black and brown (so often chosen by chic French women) and a lovely mink cape. Lady Maclean looked nice in grey, Miss Monique Bohn was enchanting in a gay print and large straw hat, Lady Edward Hay was accompanied by her two pretty daughters, who were chatting to the Marquess of Blandford, home on leave from the Middle East. His parents, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, I saw with Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, Lady Reay was escorted by her exceptionally tall husband, who had a great advantage watching the racing. The Earl and Countess of Sefton, Major and Mrs. David Smiley, Lady Dorothea Head, in a check taffeta skirt and short grey taffeta



Bertram Park
Miss Bridget Aylmer is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Aylmer. She was presented this year at one of the Royal Garden Parties by Mrs. R. G. Stanham



Miss Valerie Soames is the only daughter of Mr. J. B. Soames and of Mrs. N. H. Drury, and was presented this year by Mrs. Alan Adair. She drives a mobile canteen for the Red Cross



Yevonde
Miss Jennifer Fairbain, who was presented by her mother, Mrs. Cynthia Fairbain, at the second Royal Garden Party

JENNIFER'S GALLERY

Continuing HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

jacket, Dorothy Lady Beatty, looking nice in yellow and black, were also there. Capt. J. B. Pearson, of the U.S. Navy, was with his very pretty wife, who wore a hat trimmed with cherries.

Two other attractive Americans I noticed were the Misses Denise and Maureen Lawson Johnson from New York. The latter wore a pretty and amusing printed dress depicting pirates, treasure chests, a ship's deck and other nautical pictures. Lord and Lady Cathcart came each day, and on Gold Cup day said they were, like many others, feeling very tired, having been at the Guards Boat Club Ball at Maidenhead until the early hours of the morning. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter were accompanied by their elder daughter, Lady Munro, who wore a large black hat with her yellow dress.

In the refreshment tent in the Enclosure I met Major and Mrs. Phil Cripps chatting to Cdr. and Mrs. Scott-Miller, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Jim Windsor Lewis with Sir Arthur and Lady Pilkington, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Alistair Campbell, who told me they are giving a coming-of-age dance for their son on July 11th, Mrs. Horace Samuelson, Cdr. and Mrs. Allan Noble, the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam with Lady Joan Philips, Major and Mrs. Harry Misa, Lady Meyer, Mrs. Tom Dearbergh with her son and daughter, Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper, Mr. "Pop" Fane escorting Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, who looked cool and pretty in a black chiffon dress with a large black tulle hat, Mr. and Mrs. George Glossop with Major Kenneth Mackenzie, and Mr. Jimmy Jarvis, whose father won the Gold Vase with his good stayer, Reynard Volant. Others I noticed were the Aly Khan, Mr. Peter Cazalet with Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley and the Earl and Countess of Faversham, Mr. Robin MacAlpine, Mr. John Tabor, Mrs. Bobby Petre, Mr. Tom Blackwell, Mr. Michael Watson, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson and Sir Richard Sykes.

THE Airborne Ball at the Dorchester, for which Mrs. Denis Burke was chairman this year, was once again a tremendous success and raised a handsome sum for the Airborne Forces Security Fund. After supper there was an excellent cabaret, and then Tommy Trinder held an auction of several useful and luxurious gifts.

I went on from here to the dance Lord Savile gave for his débutante sister, the Hon. Deirdre Lumley-Savile, at Claridges. As I arrived the cabaret had just started and the several hundred guests were sitting around the ballroom listening to the artists. Lady Savile, who was hostess for her son, was sitting on a sofa at the end of the room with Dona Moniz de Aragao and the Brazilian Ambassador, and near them was the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, who was wearing a lovely platina fox jacket over her evening dress. Sir George and Lady Franckenstein were sitting on another sofa, and among the young people around them enjoying the cabaret I noticed the heroine of the evening, the Hon. Deirdre Lumley-Savile, in a pretty pink dress, the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath's daughter, Lady Caroline Thynne, who has upheld the family tradition of loveliness, Miss Georgina Phillipi, in an exquisite white crinoline with a Winterhalter neckline, Mr. Alec Beattie, Miss Sarah Birkin, pretty in white, Miss Joan Motion, Miss Raine McCorquodale, in a lovely blue crinoline, Mr. Pat Matthews, Mr. Michael Watson, Miss Mary Stourton and her fiancé, Lord Gainsborough, who came with his brother-in-law and sister, Lord and Lady Dormer, who was dressed in black.

I MET Lady Mowbray and Stourton, who was down from Yorkshire, where she told me the workmen have at last started on their home, Allerton Park, which was requisitioned until recently. Her son and daughter were both dancing energetically. Mrs. Edward Mann, looking very attractive in a printed evening dress, was dancing with Mr. Billy Levita when I left this very good dance, which went on until the early hours of the morning.

The following night Countess Manvers and Lady Effie Millington-Drake were joint hostesses at the Hyde Park Hotel for their daughters Frederica and Marie, and many of the guests who had been at Lord Savile's dance were once again enjoying the good band and excellent cabaret. Several members of the Diplomatic Corps were at this dance too, which was not surprising, as Sir Eugen Millington-Drake, who was helping his wife entertain their guests, is Chief Representative of the British Council in Spanish-speaking America. Earl Manvers was also there enjoying the dance and meeting many friends.

A CANADIAN WEDDING IN HERTFORDSHIRE



Lady Essendon kindly lent Essendon Place for the wedding reception of Mr. David Miller Young and Miss Nancy Virginia Fennell, who were married at St. Mary's Church, Essendon. The bridegroom is the son of Major-General and Mrs. Young, of Hamilton, Ontario, and the bride is the daughter of Mr. Robert Fennell, K.C., and Mrs. Fennell, of Toronto, Canada. (Above) F/Lt. W. R. Thomson, best man, is seen with Daisy Lady Essendon, the bride and bridegroom and Mr. Robert Fennell



Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton, parents of the bride. The wedding took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor



Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Nicholson, parents of the bridegroom, Mr. Alistair Nicholson. The reception was held at Queen's Acre, Windsor



The bride and bridegroom with their attendants, Miss G. Cadogan, Miss A. Crichton, Miss G. Windham, Miss L. Ralli, and Lachlan Maclean the page

WEDDING OF MISS BARBARA CRICHTON



Scenes from Benjamin Britten's New Opera

The attention of Albert Herring (Peter Pears) is distracted by the antics of a village boy at his inaugural banquet. On his left is Lady Billows (Joan Cross)



As the Selection Committee discusses the vexed question of the choice of a perfect paragon for the town, Florence Pike (Gladys Parr) makes a suggestion to the Headmistress (Margaret Ritchie), which is to be deeply considered by the rest of the committee

"ALBERT HERRING"



Mr. Ronald Duncan, the writer, and Mrs. Duncan (right) walking in the gardens with a friend



Mrs. Stewart Roberts and Miss Anne Price discussing the performance in an arbour



Lord Faringdon, Mr. K. Harris, of Chicago, and the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon



Mrs. Charles Adams, Col. Charles Adams and Mrs. F. Browning



Miss C. Saville, Miss J. Delmar, Miss Anne Prior and Miss Ann Chesterman



Albert the virtuous (Peter Pears), sadly fallen from grace, waves his dishevelled bays recklessly in front of his fellow shop assistants, the Baker's Girl (Nancy Evans), the Butcher's Assistant (Frederick Sharp), and three village children (Lesley Duff, David Spencer and Anne Sharp)



The Grocer's Assistant, Albert Herring (Peter Pears), who is to be selected to carry the weight of the town's reputation for sobriety on his shoulders, looks on censoriously at a tender incident between the Butcher's Assistant (Frederick Sharp) and the Baker's Girl (Nancy Evans)

AT GLYNDEBOURNE



Mr. John Wilmot, Minister of Supply, with Mrs. John Christie and Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter



Mr. O. Cross, Miss Phyllis Marshall and Mr. Angus Wilson find a rustic seat



Mr. and Mrs. J. H. van Gelder in a charming corner of the garden



Miss K. Duxbury, Miss J. Ross and Miss P. Drayson down by the pond



Miss H. M. Ellis and Mr. G. H. Baker were also among those in the grounds during the dinner interval

Michael Killanin

An Irish Commentary

It Would Be Easier

IT is a long while since I sat all the way through a House of Commons debate—in fact, not since the Munich days, when I was a political reporter; but now I have done it again. In London for a short holiday, I went down to the House to hear the second reading of the North of Ireland Bill, to which 200 Labour Members had tabled an amendment which they did not move.

Previous to the debate, I had seen a good many reports, especially in the Right Wing papers, gleefully announcing a revolt in the Labour ranks, but as always happens when there is such a revolt, the Conservative Party votes for the Government, so it does not make much difference!

The Bill was really a means of tidying up some points which were left over by the Acts of 1920 and 1922. The debate was, however, very important, for it was the first time since the return of the ports that Irish affairs have been debated so fully. The older Members of the House and experienced Parliamentarians such as Lord Winterton and Mr. Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, could not help recalling the days of the Redmonds and Tim Healy—even the most Unionist-minded were quite nostalgic about those days. However, the day was made an excuse for a very general debate on Irish affairs, and, needless to say, the question of partition arose indirectly.

THIS is a matter which I have dealt with very fully on previous occasions, but as I listened to the extremes of view as expressed by Mr. Mulvey, the Nationalist Member for Fermanagh and Tyrone, or one of the three Unionist baronets, O'Neil, Smiles or Ross, I could not help thinking how much easier it would have been if there were only one Government for Ireland, and that Government was an Irish one. I must not start this all over again, but I must say that one consoling factor appeared to be that many clauses of the Bill were of benefit to both North and South Ireland, that it had been drawn up with the co-operation of all three Governments, and that Mr. Warnock, the Northern Minister for Home Affairs, and Mr. Dulanty, the Southern representative in London, sat side by side watching the proceedings.

The only thing which struck me as strange was that next day, when I looked in two London editions of papers which boast of their circulation, there was not a word of the debate that I could find. On the other hand, the following day I did read two Irish papers of opposite views, and I found that in both cases it was hard to realise they were reports of the same proceedings, so prejudiced were the descriptions. Then I noticed a London Sunday paper attacking the tablers of the amendment for being irresponsible (in the same way as the Labour Party attacks the British Housewives' League); but then no one likes criticism, especially if it is based on factual truth.

During my visit to England I went down to Eton for the Fourth of June. I had hardly been there very long when someone asked me who was my compatriot walking around in a

green kilt. Later in the day I spotted the kilted figure (incidentally also wearing an Old Etonian tie), to recognise my friend Sir Shane Leslie, who besides being an eminent Irish and Catholic writer, also produced an Eton classic—*The Oppidan*.

SEEING a kilt in Ireland is fairly rare except for pipe bandmen, and many learned antiquarians doubt whether it was ever a national dress. Of course, most early and mountainy people wore some form of smock. Only the other day I came across a mention that when the Irish Guards began their pipe band the decision to put them in kilts was based on the effigies of the Irish knights or soldiers which are found on King Felim O'Connor's tomb in the ruined Dominican Abbey in Roscommon town. Here the soldiers are dressed in smocks or skirts. This tomb, and an effigy in Glinsk Church in North Galway, are the only cases I know of representation of kilted Irishmen, and it may well have been the dress of the "gallowglasses and kerns" who fought in mediaeval Britain.

Incidentally, reverting to Sir Shane's tie, I noticed a reduction in the numbers of people who wore them in England. On the other hand, last summer, when staying at the Shelbourne Hotel for horse-show week, I came down to breakfast wearing one to find ten others in the dining-room, so I went upstairs and put on a green tie!

JUST before leaving Ireland, Mr. Erskine Childers, the Secretary for Local Government in the Dail, invited me to a party to meet Felix Topolski, the Polish artist, whose work, as previously mentioned, has been shown in Dublin. This time Topolski was in search of Irish material. When I last saw him in his Maida Vale studios he told me that he had made a considerable number of sketches, and I shall look forward to his Irish pictures with interest. His work has something reminiscent of Forain and Daumier, but entirely original. During the war I was always impressed by how he managed to bring out the national background, whether in scenery or in the figures of the many nations and nationalities he depicted at war.

Topolski will be forty next August and has been working in England since 1935. Perhaps one of the most interesting things I saw in his studio was the collection of sketches for his illustrations to Shaw's *Pygmalion*, with all G.B.S.'s notes and criticism carefully written upon them. Topolski has already commemorated this great Irish playwright in a book of drawings of Shaw published in 1945.

SEVERAL tourists (they increased with a rush with the French railway strike) have asked me what is the best guide-book to Ireland. The reply at the moment is, alas, that it is out of print. Anyone who can lay his hand on a Muirhead's guide, which, in its turn, was based on Murray's, is lucky. My own has disappeared from my bookshelf and is now doubtless resting in the pigeon-hole of one of my friends' cars.



Miss Mary Eastwood, Mrs. Lotery, Mr. Richard Cox, Mr. Cyril Edgar and Miss Angela Norton



Mr. Philip Mieville, Miss Jean Barlow and Lady Bennett. The ball was held at the Dorchester



Mr. and Mrs. V. T. O'Donovan, Mr. Harry Mildmay and Miss Susan O'Donovan, chairman of the junior committee



Edward Lawson

H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who attended the ball with the Earl, being greeted by Mrs. B. C. Plummer, general secretary of the National Children's Adoption Association

CHILDREN'S ADOPTION
ASSOCIATION BALL



Priscilla in Paris

Credit Balance

Yes! We have strikes, lack of fuel and food if one cannot afford the semi-official Black Market, inflation of sorts, thieving right and left, discourtesy on a grand scale, the petty tyrannies of footling by-laws, functionaries that complacently resemble the lilies of the field, and yet how I would hate to live anywhere else than in Paris . . . especially since I can get away from time to time.

At a party the other afternoon when we were all grouching about ways and means, as we all do at parties—and elsewhere—nowadays, a wise philosopher, who had kept silent suddenly remarked: "Can you think of any other city where so much richness is gathered together, and one's eye is delighted by such beauty as in Paris?" For a moment we all remained silent and abashed and, at that instant, I recalled a sentence from Miss Tennyson Jesse's enchanting animal story, *Sabi Pas*: "If the French civilisation were to perish off the face of the earth, civilisation, as I mean it, would be dead"! It does one good to be caught out occasionally like this and requested to see the wood instead of staring at the trees.

Take the short walk of a few hundred yards from the Tuileries gardens to the Palais de l'Élysée, for instance. One sees nothing but beauty. In the gardens one finds, at the Salle du Jeu de Paume, the beautiful exhibition of the Masters of Impressionism, at the Musée de l'Orangerie there are the Old Flemish Masters, and as one skirts the Place de la Concorde there is the grand sweep of the "Elysian Fields" ascending to the Arc de Triomphe, shimmering in the summer haze. The shops in the rue Royale and the faubourg St. Honoré are dreams of loveliness (so long as one does not look at the price tickets!), the Maillois Exhibition is open at the Galerie Charpentier, the massive, grey pile of the British Embassy is impressively reassuring of British might, and, after strolling through the green-shaded avenue Marigny one reaches the Grand-Point, where the fountains sparkle in the sunshine and the cafés, their marble-topped tables out on the pavements, await one with cold drinks, long and short.

ALL that can be said about the railway strike has been said, and the unfortunate, stranded travellers have long since been returned to their homes more or less the worse for wear. Miss Chrysler 1926 nobly did her duty, and made herself useful, if not pleasant, since she is but a humble roadster of which I have long lost the side curtains . . . and, oh, how it rained!

One of my little jaunts took me to Corbeil, where I conveyed a friend from England who had come over to see that grand old man of the theatre, Gordon Craig. With his shock of thick, white hair, his merry blue eyes and

rosy cheeks, he looks a mere lad of sixty instead of the seventy-five years of which he boasts. Another trip was made to the Skye-terrier kennels of La Chamardière at Feucherolles to bring some beautiful dogs up to Paris for the Dog Show at the Vélodrome d'Hiver.

I fetched yet another stranded visitor from a far-distant suburb to visit the late Gertrude Stein's interesting flat on the Left Bank where her friend and secretary, Alice B. Toklas, still lives. The walls are covered with Picassos, in that greatly discussed painter's early manner, and I was enchanted by two little Louis XV. chairs of which the *petit point* covers have been designed and executed by Picasso himself. I may be worse off for petrol for my annual jaunt to the Farm-on-the-Island, but I am all the richer for some delightful experiences.

The strike ended in time for the dramatic club of the State Railways employees to give their performance at the Place Valubert within the precincts of the Austerlitz Station. The play was Marcel Achard's *Comédie des Proverbes*, brilliantly acted by the members of "the Gang," who also made their costumes and very clever scenery.

Suzy Solidor and Henry Bry, who have made night-club history in the past, but were separated during the war, have joined forces again at the Club de l'Opéra. Their songs, monologues and "pomes" are as good as anything they have given us, while the Bruno Christopholis and Yoska Muscha orchestras are the best in Paris at time of writing.

Bry is an ex-journalist, a brilliant *raconteur* and the creator of "Petaruzza" and the famous "Dobrovna family." Suzy hails from Brittany and it is said that she loved to run wild on the ramparts of St. Malo in her childhood by the sea. Her sideline is the selling of what she calls "real-gen-u-ine-old-antiques," but it is the deep contralto voice with which she sings her sea-shanties that has brought her fame and all that goes with it.

Voilà!

● Charles Dullin, the grand old French actor who in pre-war times produced so many famous plays at the tiny Atelier Theatre, has not made such a great success in the immense, State-subsidized Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. He has decided to take a company on tour. The other day he confided to a crony: "It is not difficult to find a good ingénue, a 'heavy father' or a leading 'gentleman'! The snag is to discover a good prompter!"



The Festival opened with great public pageantry. Above, the standard-bearer is entering the Hôtel de Ville



Three Continental stars—Rene Dary, Edwige Feuillere and Fernand Gravey—exchange autographs



An actress representing the "Virgin of Brussels" was carried through the city in a palanquin

THE BRUSSELS FILM FESTIVAL

Seventeen nations contributed films to Belgium's first Film Festival, and a jury of Belgian film critics saw forty-four pictures before making their awards. The British entries included *Great Expectations*, *Odd Man Out*, *A Matter of Life and Death* and *The Overlanders*



ROYAL ASCOT CROWNS THE SEASON

The Buoyancy and Glitter of Pre-War Ascot Returns in Full at This Year's Meeting



Lady Willoughby de Broke arriving with Lord Willoughby de Broke, who is walking behind



Lady Roderic Pratt, wife of Lord Roderic Pratt



Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador, M. René Massigli



Major and Mrs. C. J. Coghill arriving on the course



Mrs. D. W. Cherry, in a charming striped dress, with Mr. Cherry



The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough with some of their family—the Marquess of Blandford, Lady Caroline Waterhouse and Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill



Capt. Tollemache, Royal Navy, and Mrs. Tollemache, with Miss Jean Tollemache and Miss Raphael



The Earl and Countess of manton. Lady Norman sister of Marquess Cam



The scene in the Royal Box during one of the races. Both the Queen and Princess Elizabeth are following the racing carefully through binoculars. For the first time for eight years the Royal Enclosure was gay with many-coloured dresses and grey top-hats



Capt. and Mrs. Guy Holland leaving the luncheon tent



Major and Mrs. Leslie Bibby on the road to the course



Major and Mrs. St. Clair walking in the paddock



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Cardiff leaving the car-park



Cdr. Vincent Jones, Royal Navy, arrived in uniform with Mrs. Vincent Jones



Lord and Lady Huntingfield. Lord Huntingfield is the fifth Baron, and succeeded in 1915



Capt. Bertram Currie, the banker, Mrs. Bertram Currie, Miss Mary Drax and Mr. James Guinness

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing

By ...



"James, speak to Robinson about his sunflowers staring into our garden"

AN increase since 1939 of some two million tons of British tramp steamers on the high seas is too much, according to a recent shipping mogul (he didn't say "too much," naturally, he said "surplus to requirements").

Falling freight-rates cause this mogul's worry, oddly enough, not the slovenly appearance of tramp steamers and their uncouth, unshaven crews, which has often disgusted the more fastidious heirs of Drake. We needn't remind you of the uproar over Masefield's notorious line in *Cargoes*—"Dirty British coaster," etc.—and how Auntie *Times* lashed herself into a menacing rage, demanding in a leading article how anything could be simultaneously dirty and British? At the request of a leading member of the MCC we hastily composed an alternative verse to cover up Masefield's gaffe:

Cleanly British coaster with a well-groomed smoke-stack,

Lounging down the Channel in unaffected ease,
With a cargo of cricket-bats, P—ch jokes, Bear Club founders' underwear,

Loofahs, *Times* obituaries, and fresh Guardees.

Winter Sports addicts will recognise the justice of the Bear Club item. The Early Fathers of the English School of Rink-Skating were so cold and clean that their very combinations shamed the virgin Alpine snows. We culled this information from an aged laundry woman at Morgins.

Illusion

"So now," chattered one of the dailies after a recent burglary at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, "every pensioner on his daily walk round Chelsea will be looking in antique-shop windows for two pairs of silver candlesticks!" And a nice change for the old boys too, if you go by the fact that the Press can never print any photograph of two or more Chelsea pensioners together without the ritual caption "Fighting Their Battles O'er Again."

The aboriginals of Chelsea, who meet Chelsea pensioners in their locals, know those veterans



"Same old cry day after day—'who,' 'how,' 'why,' 'what,' 'where,' 'which'!"

couldn't care less, as a rule, about Badajoz, Crecy, Rorke's Drift, Dhirtipore, Plassey, Walamazoo, Malplaquet, and all their other historic engagements. The same goes for the Invalides in Paris, whom we were at one time enabled to observe fairly closely, apart from our fellow-parishioner at Ste. Clotilde, Marshal Foch. What ancient warriors talk about is that ruddy interfering basket Joe Flintlock (Pierre Briquet), the wicked price of beer (pinard), tobacco (Caporal), rheumatism, corns, the 3.30 at Ally Pally (Longchamps), and so forth. About the only time old soldiers chat about war from choice is when some inky boy working on a military history stands them a pint in return for their reminiscences. That's why half the histories of the Peninsular War are pure fiction, as Fortescue pointed out.

Contretemps

FOR printing a poem criticising the late Kemal ("Grey Wolf") Ataturk a Turkish editor has been arrested, to his annoyed surprise.

As the Grey Wolf was frequently plastered he is fairly open to criticism, apart from his compelling the unhappy Turks to discard their fezzes for foul bowlers and fouler bicycling-caps. Nevertheless a careful Turkish poet could get over this difficulty with the graceful tact of Miss Edith Sitwell dealing with the somewhat similar case of Good John Brown, Queen Victoria's famous rugged Highland gillie. Cynical and heartless persons (observes Miss Sitwell) attributed Mr. Brown's ever-ready tears and his habit, when under strong emotion, of tottering, and even falling down, to "causes other than grief." With Kemal the poet might begin smoothly:

Like some stout lovely Moon-Faced One tumbling or being pushed into the Sweet Waters by her admirers,

Like a Mevlevi Dervish, exhausted with ecstasy, taking a neat purler on the tiles.

Behold Grey Wolf falling with exquisite and calculated grace on his noble nose and remaining rapt in meditation. . . .

—and so lead up to an attack on the cynics by degrees. He'd probably be arrested anyway, but what of it? Suffering is good for poets and improves their style.

Boom

BY and large, whatever that may mean, it may be accurately said that once the Fleet Street boys begin taking somebody up à grand bataclan and running him for Public Portent No. 1, that chap's number is more or less in the "Out" groove.

Doubtless the latest object of this embarrassing attention, one of the few really brilliant Service leaders in World War II, doesn't give two Shinwell hoots either way and is deathly indifferent to such yells as "Is This Our Great Man?" Not so every victim; and we're thinking sympathetically of a curious case some years ago which has never been properly explained. For some days a huge photograph of this portent's overpowering nose and jaw (and nothing else) appeared at intervals in one of the million-circulation dailies, over the caption "Who Is This Man?" Mysterious, deafening trumpeting announcing Britain's Only Hope accompanied it. The noise and dazzle was like a Ringling triple circus in full blast. Then, quite suddenly, Britain's Only Hope vanished silently like bathwater down the pipe and was never more heard of.

Footnote

IN the Fleet Street bars we found three explanatory theories:

- (1) Lady So-and-So had rung up to say she didn't like The Face and would somebody please remove it at once;
- (2) Joe Gizick had raised hell because The Face obviously hadn't used CHUMPO CHINJO! that morning, and Joe had threatened to wash out all contracts as from even date;
- (3) The Big Noise found it was the wrong man.

Possibly none of these was correct, but it gave the boys something to chatter about; apart from panning everybody as per usual.

Fuss

FLORENTINE hostesses desiring to Make The Party-Go had little difficulty, one imagines, up to a few months ago. They could always ask the distinguished antiquary Signor Alfredo Geri (who died the other day) to tell everybody how he recovered La Gioconda in 1911.

A European sensation, as Great-Uncle William will probably tell you. A lunatic slit La Gioconda neatly from her frame in the Louvre and decamped with her, and the hue-and-cry shook the civilised world. Highbrows in flowing ties, pale as death, moved about Hampstead and Chelsea murmuring under their breath: "She is older than the rocks among which she sits. . . ."

"Oh, Faughaughton!" a strained girlish voice, like tearing Liberty fabrics, would break in. "Like the vampire she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave!"

Pater's flaffa about Monna (so oddly called by the Race "Mona") Lisa and her smirk did



"Well, you want him to grow up musical, don't yer?"

not detain Signor Geri, who tracked La Gioconda down at length to a shabby hotel-bedroom in Florence near the great Dominican church of Santa Maria Novella. So La Gioconda returned to the Louvre, and City men ceased to grind their teeth, and in a palatial office in Shaftesbury Avenue Lord Edward dropped his betting-book and fell on Duggie Stuart's neck. . . .

What a sensation. Even R.A.s painting fishing-boats (St. Ives) noticed it.

Lyric

"COMPLACENCY about English women's footwear," to quote one of Auntie Times's little readers, lashing a cad who said the shoe-supply was up to pre-war scale, is becoming quite abominable, and one hardly knows where to look.

Nobody having yet suggested to Auntie that the mems would look simply marvellous padding about barefoot, we do so here and now. You've probably forgotten a lyric we sang to you some time ago entitled *Rich Women's Knees*? It began in careless Arcadian mood:

"Rich women's knees
Are sweet curiosities,
Their anfractuosities
Startle and please"—
Thus in a valley
The shepherd-boy's song,
And naturally
The lad was wrong . . .

The climax was more austere, and rang like a trumpet-blast:

The knobbliest trees
Are more delightful,
Rich women's knees
Are simply frightful.

A projected companion-song called *Rich Women's Feet* would take a broader line, in view of a universal shoe-shortage:

What music wakes the Mayfair street?
What makes the pavement sing?
The rhythm of rich women's feet,
Whack, whack; clop, clop; bing, bing!
Whiter than daisies, and more smart,
Their cruelty remains,
They trample on the wounded heart
Like business-men in trains.

Footnote

LINE 5 is taken partly from *Aucassin et Nicolette*. Line 8 is elliptic, meaning "like business-men trampling down women and children on the 6.40 to Maidenhead." Compare a famous ellipsis:

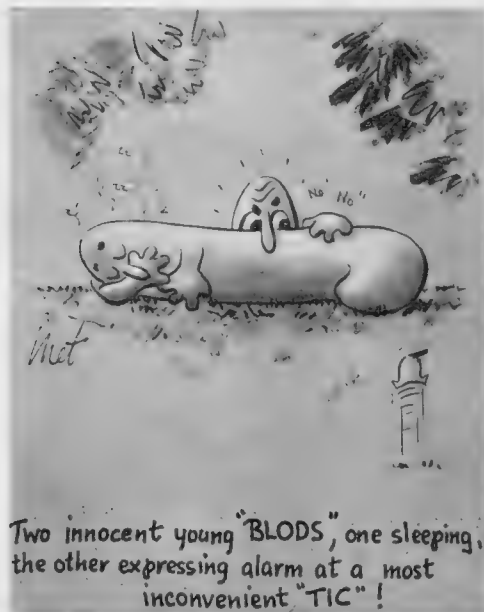
. . . more desired

Than boys in exile love their native place.

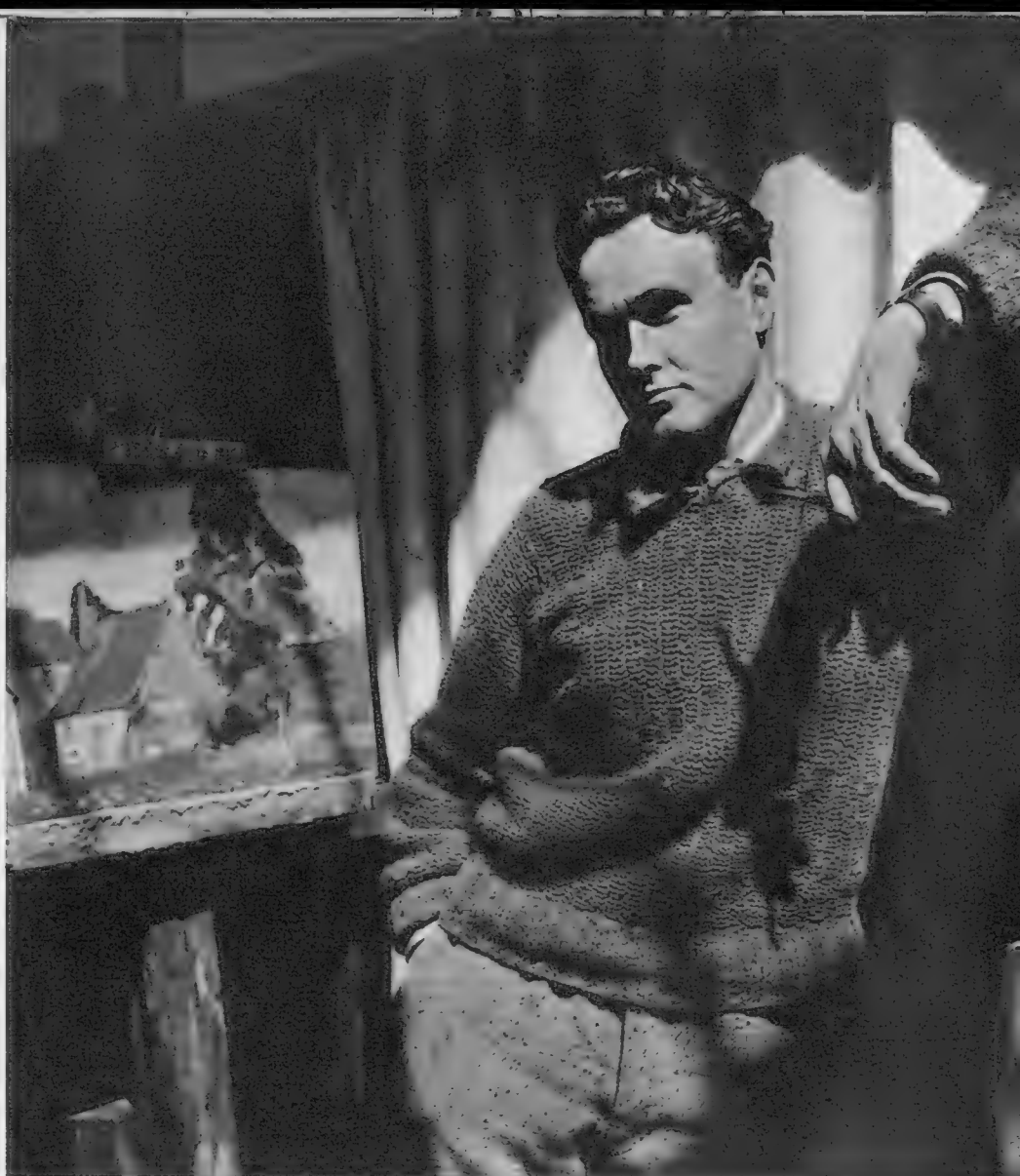
We wouldn't want you to think we didn't know the poetry racket. As if you cared.

LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



Two innocent young "BLOODS", one sleeping, the other expressing alarm at a most inconvenient "TIC"!



Derek Adkins

DEREK HILL, who has designed the sets for "*Il Trovatore*" at Covent Garden, began studying stage design at the age of sixteen in the principal European centres, and later visited Japan, China, Siam and Bali. In 1938 he turned to painting, but like so many young men of promise, his career was interrupted by the war. However, in 1944 he was able to organise two exhibitions, "*Constable to Cézanne*" and "*Since the Impressionists*," for the Airborne Forces Security Fund, and then resumed his painting, going to the Isle of Achill, off the West Irish coast, for subjects. His one-man show at the Leicester Galleries this year established him as an artist of outstanding ability. He lives at Hampstead

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

IN a history lesson the children were told to write an essay about King Alfred. "But," said the teacher, "don't waste time writing about the burning of the cakes. I want to find out what you know apart from that incident."

One effort that was handed up read: "King Alfred went and knocked on the door of a lonely cottage in a forest. It was opened by a woman, but what happened after that, I'm not allowed to say."

THE former vicar and his wife were invited to attend a garden party in his old parish. The new vicar greeted his predecessor heartily.

"I'm very pleased to see you again," he said. "And is this your most charming wife?"

The other vicar fixed his host with an accusing stare.

"This," he said, reprovingly, "is my only wife."

A HUSBAND and wife were out together one day when they ran right into the husband's girl friend. The poor man had no way of getting out of an introduction. The wife, acknowledging it, murmured sweetly, "My husband has told me so little about you."

A MAN was gazing rapturously at "Spring," a large oil painting of a shapely girl dressed only in a few strategically arranged leaves. Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped: "Well, what are you waiting for—autumn?"

A CERTAIN conductor was driven crazy at a rehearsals because at least one member of the orchestra was always missing. After the last rehearsal he tapped his baton for attention and said, bitingly: "I want to thank the first violin publicly for being the only man in the entire orchestra who had the decency to attend every rehearsal."

The first violin hung his head. "It seemed the least I could do," he said in a deprecating tone. "You see, I don't expect to show up for the concert to-night!"

THE famous artist's likeness of the magnate's wife was not pleasing to the wealthy one. Remonstrating with the artist, he complained: "Why, you've got the plainest woman I've ever seen on that canvas."

"Maybe so," replied the painter, "but if you wanted me to paint a peach, why did you bring me a lemon?"

A VIVACIOUS brunette of about forty was standing on the promenade at a seaside resort, when she heard an admiring whistle from a very young sailor. He ambled up purposefully, with his cap pushed jauntily over one eye.

"Son," she reproved him gently, amused and somewhat flattered, "Don't you try and flirt with me! I'm a grandmother."

"But, grandmother," replied the undismayed sailor, "what big eyes you have!"



Lionel E. Austin

FOUR GENERATIONS AT A DIAMOND WEDDING

A group taken at the diamond wedding celebration of Major-General Sir Kerr Montgomery, K.C.M.G., formerly Colonel Commandant of the R.A., and Lady Montgomery, which was held at the Lee-on-Solent home of Admiral R. Bell Davies, V.C.; and Mrs. Bell Davies (third and fourth in back row), their daughter and son-in-law. Major-General and Lady Montgomery are seated immediately behind their great-granddaughter, Jane Beale. The cake, which was decorated with the initials of their children and grandchildren, was cut by the sword given to Major-General Montgomery by Lord Mark Kerr, and among the telegrams received was a gracious message from the King and Queen

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Sabretoche

RECENT events give us to think very seriously about the shape of sport to come. The problem, as it seems to me, is not whether football or racing entices the bigger crowd of young men to forsake their jobs, or whether one has greater claims than the other upon being an instrument for preserving either the national morale, or giving us a bigger stock of that badly-needed thing, foreign currency. The real problem is a far weightier one. The question is this: whether it will be sufficient to turn this country into an even better unsinkable aircraft-carrier than it was during the late war, or whether we shall have to face the problem of converting ourselves into troglodytes, and selecting coal-pits as the only safe places in which to live.

All this prattling of peace can hardly deceive even the prattlers, for the world is in a more bellicose state than ever it was when Hitler started his great adventure. In any case, is it not probable that, although we are so fond of looking one way and walking another, the whole face of this island must be changed, and if this happens, "huntin', shootin' and fishin'," as well as everything else in the way of fun and games above ground, may be wiped out? All this petty communal strife is just so much waste of good time, and cutting up polo fields, cussing the fox-hunter, and putting the shooter into the pillory are childish. We have got to look at the big problem whether we like it or not, and the sooner we do it the better.

Whys and Wherefores

SOMETIMES they are most amusing; at others as boring as a bridge *post-mortem*. At this moment I find some of them very engaging, especially so since I am not personally bound to find the answers, even if I could, or were so indiscreet as to try. First one of them on my own account: "Which horse did my editor back, and why didn't he tell me?" Sean Fielding is such a kindly person as a rule. Next: "Why the (missing word) didn't you and all the other (another missing word) tell us that Pearl Diver was going to win the Derby?" I will try. (A) Because I didn't know, and (B) because, unlike the people who live at Newmarket, I never saw him in that nice working gallop on May 28th. This is what one of the most knowledgeable of the watchers, a "professor" and not an amateur, said about it:

Pearl Diver indeed thrilled those who saw him out here for the first time yesterday, when, in a really good-pace loosening gallop on the Limekilns, he just sprinted away in elastic-stretching style from Foxnall, who had been made superbly fit for the contest with Chanteur II. on Monday, only to be left at the gate.

Perhaps this might have been phrased a bit better, but the general sense is there. There were also on the premises upon that occasion many lynxes on duty for Messieurs the

Metallicians, yet at the call-over immediately after this "thrilling" appearance, Pearl Diver was quoted at 40-1 (t and o), and someone, at any rate, was still backing "the horse of a century" at odds on. Not a note of alarm, so the eyes must have been unseeing ones. On June 4th the betting position was still the same, and obviously the outposts had given no warning. Pearl Diver was again backed at "40's." Same thing on June 7th, and Tudor Minstrel still had many friends ready to buy their money. He was known to be well and in great heart.

Now for the fun of it: I say unblushingly that I think all these plungers were justified, for the opposition did not look formidable, and I further say that I still believe Tudor Minstrel to be in the top class. What effect this most unfortunate adventure in the Derby will have had upon him is quite another matter. It is impossible to do more than refer to the Ascot happenings, and a précis of them must be left until "our next," but from the manner in which Tudor Minstrel won the St. James's Palace Stakes it is obvious that his ardour has not been damped. Fred Darling is hardly a novice, and it is unthinkable that he can have let one of the hottest Derby favourites on record go out untried. I know what that pretty girl "Miss Hotchkiss" would say, and she would be right! As to the last "Why and Wherefore": "Why aren't there any horse pictures in the Academy?" My dear Watson, get a hold of yourself, and don't ask such an elementary question!

Another "Why?"

THE President of the Bloodstock Breeders' Association (the Earl of Rosebery), who naturally speaks with a great weight of authority, in a letter to *The Times*, says that students of breeding were convinced that neither Tudor Minstrel nor Petition would stay the Derby course because of the short-running American blood in their pedigrees, and, as I humbly ventured to suggest in these notes, Tudor Minstrel had the speedy Sundridge and Amphion in the bottom line of his family tree. Lady Josephine, Sansonnet's grandmama, was by Sundridge (by Amphion) out of Americus Girl by Americus. On top of this there is the middle of the pedigree, to which, no doubt, Lord Rosebery is referring.

It is so easy to be wise after the event, and I was reviled by even some of my best friends for daring to cast a shadow of a doubt upon Tudor Minstrel's capacity to win "in so bad a year." Who could help being overborne? But I still say that he is a good colt, and that he ought to have been the runner-up. It is almost a contradiction in terms of the basic

cause, that his trainer managed to send him out so hard and shining bright. He must have managed to find some oats that were not as light as swansdown. I hope they run Tudor Minstrel in the Leger.

Polo's Poet

THERE is only one worth talking about so far as my diligent research enables me, Firdausi, the pen-name of Abu'l Kassim Mansur, the Homer of Khorassan, and author of *The Shah Nama*, who was born near Tus, in Khorassan, and reached great eminence in the tenth century. He was rather lucky by the same token to escape an extremely unpleasant end at the hands of the Sultan Mahmūd, the chieftain spoken of by the Persian Ovidius Naso, one Omar Khayyām, whose poetic name was Takhallus, a Tent-maker. You will find the reference to "the mighty Mahmūd" in Quatrain XLIV. in the *Rubāiyāt*.

Both Firdausi and Omar regarded polo with an almost religious awe, and they said the most high-flown and emotional things about it, Firdausi even going so far as to liken the crooked stick, with which they then played, to the love-locks of the amorous swain, and the ball to the heart of his beloved. I wonder what these two Persian gentlemen would say if they were alive to-day and saw what the Iconoclasts have done to the first western country which discovered and played this martial game? It just flickers in England, and that is all. I think they would probably have proclaimed a *Jehād* against the destroyers.

"The Shah Nama"

A COMPLETE translation of Firdausi's great work is still extant in French, and as we know it was originally intended to be a national epic extolling the virtues, wisdom and exploits in war and sport of the Mighty Mahmūd, it may intrigue the studios to note what a bitter satire it in fact is! It was so impolite that Firdausi found it desirable to flee to some place where the Desert marched with the Sown until Mahmūd cooled down.

The reason the poet altered it from the honeyed history of war, love and polo, which originally it was, is probably almost too well known to demand mention, but just in case it is not, it can be stated that Mahmūd, or, at any rate, his Head Wazir, or Keeper of the Privy Purse, did not play quite fair. Firdausi was promised a camel laden with enough gold to make him go bow-legged. The camel arrived at the Poet's Bower: he was so heavily laden that he was bow-legged: but when Firdausi opened the sacks he found silver, and not too good at that, and not gold. This was the reason why *The Shah Nama* was so drastically altered. It took Firdausi thirty years to write and, bitter as it is, still stands a masterpiece for all time.



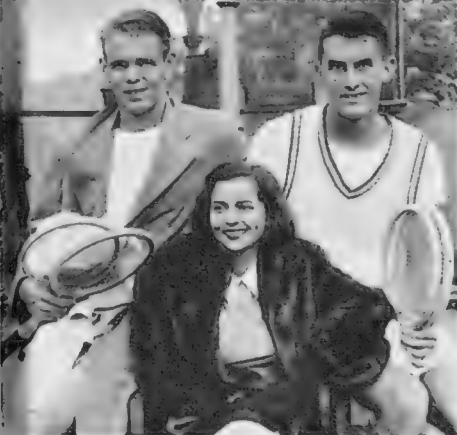
Geoffrey F. Anson, a pre-war Cambridge tennis Blue, who was with the Coldstream Guards during the war, has returned for a post-war course, and has been playing excellent cricket. With him is his Belgian wife



Guy Willatt, Cambridge cricket captain, who is also a soccer Blue, with his wife, formerly Miss Elizabeth Todd. He plays cricket for Notts, and was a gunner major in the Eighth Army. He is going to be a teacher in Edinburgh



John Bromwich and Dinny Pails, the Australian players, after being seeded second in the Men's Doubles for the Wimbledon Championships, in which they were confidently expected to reach the final



Jack Kramer, favourite for the Men's Singles Championship at Wimbledon, with his Brazilian heiress wife, and his Doubles partner, Bob Falkenberg, brother of the film-star

Cricket and Tennis Stars



Anglo-American Liaison in North Italy

An informal group of British and U.S. Amgot officers who are helping to keep the peace in the Gorizia area, part of the much-disputed Venezia Giulia region, in Northern Italy. Standing: Capt. C. K. Giles, W/O G. B. Pate, Capt. A. Robertson, 1st/Lt. V. A. Herrick, Capt. L. B. Bernard, Capt. L. B. Swick, Major F. G. M. Grey, Dr. M. Chiarutini, Capt. J. Scullion, Capt. M. G. Leatham, Capt. A. L. Bernard, Capt. A. J. Auletta, Capt. K. B. Smith. Sitting: Lt.-Col. S. W. Kiger, Major P. L. Russell, Lt.-Col. F. O. Mavis, Lt.-Col. E. G. Dalziel

Scoreboard



sat at his Louis Quinze desk. As always, he frowned uncomfortably, because his legs were very short and stopped some six inches from the floor. On his head sat a chestnut toupée, a birthday present from his favourite sister, whose eyesight could not tolerate the reflection of light from his bald head.

For many years the Secretariat had been hereditary; but the previous holder of the office, an absent-minded man, had forgotten to get married, and the post had devolved on one who was reputed to be the merry indiscretion of an influential Peer on the General Purposes Committee. Whatever his origin, he sat, tapping his only sound tooth with a gold fountain-pen.

FROM far below floated a sound like the baying of bloodhounds. This was the gentlemen of the Press, who milled and clustered around the main entrance, flourishing forged passes, clamouring for drinks, and demanding exclusive information. Then, a small electric bulb on the Secretary's desk shone red. He rose from his chair, but as his right leg had pins-and-needles, it gave way, and he fell heavily to the rubber-sprung floor.

Rolling across it, for Selectors may not be kept waiting, he released the trick-lock with his feet, and the three Selectors, all wearing black masks, fell over him into the room. Cursing profusely, they disentangled themselves, and sat down at a table furnished with ink-pots and blotting pads. "We must," said the First Selector, "have another fast bowler." "Our need," said the Second Selector, "is for another slow bowler." "No one in England," said the Third Selector, "can bowl at all; we must pick eleven batsmen." And they fell to argument.

An hour had thus passed, when the Secretary noticed that four men beside himself were seated at the table. This fourth member was a tall

man with a melancholy face, bushy eyebrows, and a white vest-slip. "If you gentlemen have finished talking cricket," he said, in a mellow, baritone voice, "I have an announcement to make, of considerable interest to the Board and the shareholders. Our agents have discovered a rich vein of plasticine in Southern Ecuador. We await the report of the experts. Now, who's for Debentures at 39s. 6d., redeemable in 1996?"

The problem is baffling the Big Four. If he was there all the time, how was he not observed earlier? If he was not there at all, what else was he?

ATHLETES and sportsmen do not always make good sightseers. An Australian Test cricketer, when touring South Africa, was taken to see the Victoria Falls. "Struth," he said, as he looked at Nature's greatest water performance, "isn't it 'ot?" Then there was the England international soccer player in Italy, during the zenith of Mussolini's little splendour. The team were being shown round St. Peter's, Rome, when the silence was broken by a loud voice, in a North Country accent—"This morning some beggar pinched my boots."

That was the same visit when Eddie Hapgood, England's left-back and captain, volleyed a ball on to Il Duce's lower medal ribbons. It took two ambassadors and ten minutes to persuade the victim that the whole thing was an accident.

OARSMEN are not such fools. As the Nottingham Test crowd squeezed, like gherkins from a narrow bottle, out of the gates, chattering like encyclopædic rooks about off-breaks and square-cuts, then queued for Corporation buses which refused to take them, I looked over the Bridge of Trent, and there was a young man in a skiff. The sun slanted on to his honest and handsome face. But for him, the river was empty. He was sculling himself with stylish ease and serene carelessness westwards, towards the Islands of the Blessed. Plainly, he was thinking of nothing at all. And there was no room in his craft for a coxswain to make offensive and hortatory observations.

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R. Robertson Glasgow.

A Famous Cambridge Prospect

This view of King's Parade, Cambridge, by P. Tennyson Green, comes from the second volume of *Recording Britain* (£5 5s. for four volumes), published by the Oxford University Press in association with the Pilgrim Trust. This volume covers East Anglia, Huntingdonshire, Northants, Rutland and Yorkshire. In this painting the Parade is seen as it leads from the Senate House, a corner of which is shown, to the pinnaced roadside screen of King's College, and thence to Trumpington Street and beyond. The buttress framing the left of the picture belongs to the University Church, Great St. Mary's.



Elizabeth Bowen's

BOOKSHELF

REVIEWED HERE

"Irish Miles"

"The Hands of Veronica"

"The Lonely"

"The Voice of the Turtle"

FRANK O'CONNOR'S *Irish Miles* (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.) supplies what you will need, this summer, should you be contemplating an Irish holiday—and, still more importantly, what you *have* been needing (perhaps more than you know), if you either live in Ireland or go there often. It seems to be the fate of some countries, as of some people, to be loved with more fidelity than intelligence, and I am not sure that Ireland is not a case in point. You may say, she already does better than she deserves: her friends are true and her critics not unrelenting. She should be touched—and is—by the good humour incoming visitors bring to the Irish scene. Indeed, how little they ask—nice scenery, as little rain as possible, and one or two "characteristic" remarks.

Once they have seen Ireland really, exactly looking like the poster that drew them thither, many are content. That there is more to her than the hyacinth-blue mountain, black bog, gleaming white cabin, may be overlooked. In the visitor, whose object is to relax, this is understandable—it is the native who should more fairly be charged with lack of the discriminating eye, with ignorance of much that his country has, with complacency as to neglect, decay, destruction. Irish architecture (or, I should more strictly say, the architecture of Ireland, for none that is of the best has been purely indigenous in tradition) is a most notable instance of neglect: outside the specialist's circle, it has been little studied—and yet there it is, waiting at almost every turn.

ARCHITECTURE, let us be glad to say, is, now, the main subject of *Irish Miles*. Covering the greater part of the country on bicycles, in the course of a succession of holidays, Mr. O'Connor and his wife, sometimes joined by friends, not only explored the more famous abbeys and churches, fortress-castles, ancient cities and little towns, but succeeded in tracking down what is off the map of anything like ordinary knowledge. The record—against a background which Mr. O'Connor's saturation in Irish history, lore and poetry can supply—

is in this book, which is illustrated by photographs taken at the time.

Irish Miles, all the same, is emphatically not in the manual class. It can inform, but mainly it illuminates. Mr. O'Connor omits no adventure, no aspect of life which happened to attach itself to his quest. He seems to register, in his writing, the particular atmosphere of Irish moments, compounded of past and present. Here is someone who *does* discriminate—who sees what has been, what should be, and has at the same time a semi-sardonic relish for the thing as it is.

His sense of mood in a place is as sure as his sense of style in a building; and his writing is charged, as Irish writing should be, with light, weather and the fluidities of landscape. He is the European Irishman, disabused, bored by controversy, quickly on to clues, deaf to patter, impervious to hard-luck stories. His ear for talk is as keen as his eye for colour. He keeps the critical frenzy with regard to his country that besets, and upsets, so many thinking Irishmen under surprisingly good control. His picture of Kilkenny is, for one, typical of his word-painting and his attitude.

From the moment we put our foot inside the hotel in Kilkenny we felt we were not only in a different town, but in a different world. It isn't an easy sort of world to describe. Every inch of hall and stair was covered with the old browns and blues of "Spy" cartoons. . . .

From our bedroom window it was much the same. There was a sea of old roofs and a row of towers ranged against the sky in the rainy light: the modern Catholic cathedral, so bespiked with pinnacles and bedaubed with buttresses which streamed down its honest face like tallow from a dripping candle, that it once and for all reminded me of Good King Wenceslas with his crown and hoary locks; the modest battlemented tower of the mediæval cathedral scarcely rising above the line of the roofs; the gay, crack-brained, white wooden tower of the eighteenth-century Tholsel, and a seedy lantern-jawed Victorian tower which looked for all the world like a street preacher. In Ireland you never know what you're missing till you find

it by accident; it is tradition, the sense of the past, like a great feather-bed that your cramped and aching fancies can stretch themselves in.

Perhaps it isn't much of a past; it isn't, God knows, what you could ever call a well-preserved one, but it is a past, and in a queer way it seems to give people who pass by you in the street an extra dimension. They seem to be just a degree more substantial than the shadows you meet in towns in the west of Ireland.

WHEN I call this author a European Irishman, I mean that he writes about Ireland in European terms. Accepting, as we all must, her phenomenal side, he is not one for a mystic isolationism. Europeanly speaking, his terms of reference and of comparison are wide—and this bringing, for critical purposes, of Ireland into line with her neighbours is an excellent challenge.

My own obsession, the indifference of his and my country to flowers (as compared, for instance, with France; where, in all but the bleakest little towns, flowering plants, in the most bizarre containers, are everywhere ledged and niched, and hollyhocks flank cathedrals), was eased by his description of Portumna—where he woke, after a nocturnal arrival, to find window-boxes all down the main street a-bloom and ablaze, and potted shrubs before every door. The canal counties, the snug, drowsy, secretive little towns of the midland plain are as full of story, for him, as Cormac's chapel on Cashel rock or the strong shell of Bunratty Castle, sentinel over the road through Clare to the west.

His pictures of forgotten houses—the Manor at Carrick-on-Suir, the gem outside Kinsale, the ruins of Lord Clare's mansion with its addenda of three Americans' coffins—are no less speaking than those of a carved church doorway, pillars, transept or soaring sky-framing arch.

MUCH is to be gained, for a travel-book, from its author's being a novelist; and, as in Mr. O'Connor's case, also a master of the

short story. *Irish Miles* is not scenic only; it presents us with a pageant of characters, dead and living. The tale of Catherine Fitzgerald who, long ago, went flouncing out of the earl her father's halls to meet such a jagged destiny, is one, here, of many—if the most haunting still. We have a conversation on fairies with an authority. Search for church door keys produces a whole literature of procrastination; and dialogue, if at its best in, is not confined to pubs.

He had a way of saying things that I envied him. They weren't very profound things perhaps, but he said them with a finality that fixed them for ever in the mind.

"The St. Mullins pilgrimage was good, I hear?" said the other.

"Well, I don't know, Willie. I couldn't say. I wasn't there myself. But I dare say it would be. The weather was very fine."

"They must have made a lot of money in the pub."

"They keep good drinks, Willie," said the philosopher gravely.

"Do they?"

"They do."

"Still, they gets great crowds."

"Well, they do and they don't. When the day is fine they have a good pilgrimage, and when the day is wet, they haven't a good pilgrimage."

"I dare say," said Willie.

"That's the way I looks at it, anyway, Willie. 'Tis only a day's outing, and what the hell more is anything else?"

"You'll have another drink," said Willie, having digested this piece of philosophy.

"I might as well, Willie, I might as well. A bird never flew on one wing."

THERE can be little Fannie Hurst does not know about writing Fannie Hurst novels: few writers have so well mastered their own type. She never has, I should imagine, disappointed a reader—anything from her hand goes down, where I am concerned, like a pat of butter down a cat's throat. Really, I think her novels have something in common with the most engaging kind of Hollywood film:

they are pre-eminently effective and well-made; also vivid, quick, tense, just not too profound, and quite, convincing enough. Her characters are as clear to the eye as though they were on a screen. If her latest, *The Hands of Veronica* (Cape; 9s. 6d.), does not become a film, I shall be surprised.

In itself, the subject could not but be good box-office: it is both out of the way and bold—so much so, in fact, that the utmost of Miss Hurst's competence is necessary to put it across. This is a miracle story, set in modern New York. Veronica, a retiring young girl, has been brought up by her father to be an atheist, but suddenly discovers that she has healing hands: at her touch lifelong cripples walk, pain is driven out from tormented bodies. Unhappily for Veronica, her gift is publicised—for her first miracle-cure occurred, unexpectedly, in a public park, when there happened to be a news-hawk cruising round. The world, from Italian slum-dwellers to suffering millionairesses, henceforward roars and surges at the door of her flat, and her photograph and her story make front-page news in two continents.

ALL this happens to happen at a particularly delicate juncture in our heroine's private life: she is loved by, and loves in return, a

BOWEN ON BOOKS

fastidious publisher, and he does not care for that sort of thing at all. But if Veronica is embarrassed, not so Willie, her graceless and ever-resourceful stepbrother, who is for exploiting miracles to the full. Willie, as Veronica's "manager," finds himself in the money; she finds herself on the wrong side of the law.

The incorrigible Willie, somehow, one can but like. Also, his mother Gussie's demise was regretted by me: she and her elderly lover, "the Senator," are of a seedy, shady, strident, high-voltage vitality which is pleasing. Veronica's relations with her stepmother, her unformed suspicion that her father is being deceived during his lifetime, her own entanglement with the bereaved "Senator," and the crude revelations which, just in time, stop the marriage, make an effective prologue to the supernatural crisis. Miss Hurst has handled the miracles themselves in good taste, with good sense: she is never heartless, and should offend no one's susceptibilities.

OF *The Lonely* (Michael Joseph; 6s.) it should first—and perhaps chiefly?—be said that it is by the author of *The Snow Goose*. I doubt whether this second slim volume of Paul Gallico's will travel quite so far as its predecessor: it has not quite the same piercing quality of strangeness. It has, in fact, an apparently well-worn subject—that of a young American airman, already engaged to a girl at home, falling in love with a girl he meets in England.

Jerry and Patches (she is in the W.A.A.F.) spend a leave together in Scotland—on the understanding, set out by him in advance, that there is to be no question of anything more than a good time, at the end of which they are to shake hands and part.

Things, however, do not work out that way. Patches, when she agreed to start for Scotland, well knew herself to be in love with Jerry; but, knowing also of the existence of Katherine, swears to herself to keep her feelings under control. (Patches is the best demonstration I know of a new rule, that in these days when

Robert Tredinnick.

it is almost impossible for a woman to behave like a lady, it is all the more important for her to behave like a gentleman.)

It is Jerry who is taken by surprise: at the end of the fortnight he finds that Patches has taken Katherine's place in his heart. And there is his fiancée, his boyhood's ideal, his parents' choice, tranquilly, trustfully waiting for him in America. . . . The underlying value, as well as beauty, of this book is its emotional truthfulness, the honour (too rare, in these days) in which it holds love, and the delineation of Jerry's agonising sense of responsibility for other people's lives.

"LET'S keep it gay" is the theme, also, of John van Druten's *The Voice of the Turtle*, that comedy which has broken Broadway records, and of which we, so wistfully, have heard. If we are not to see it—and pray, I feel like inquiring, why not?—substantial pleasure is to be got from reading it: it has been published by Michael Joseph, at 6s.

Olive, Bill and Sally compose the cast: the scene is Sally's New York apartment, of which we see into all three rooms at once. . . . Brilliant, from start to finish, just sentimental enough, and more funny than I had remembered a play could be.



Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Birkett's infant son was christened Adrian Trevor by the Bishop of Portsmouth in Portsmouth Cathedral. Mr. Birkett is a grandson of the late Sir William and Lady Arbuckle



Mr. and Mrs. Eric Starling's infant daughter was christened Juliet at St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. Mr. Starling is the operatic tenor



Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bower's infant daughter was christened Rebecca at St. Bede's Roman Catholic Church, Clapham Park. One of the godparents was Mr. Terence Donovan, K.C., M.P.



Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Whittington's infant daughter was christened Sarah at Whaddon Church, Bletchley. Mr. Whittington is a direct descendant of the famous Lord Mayor of London

CHRISTENINGS

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Rocksavage — Leslie

The marriage took place at St. Mary's, Brancaster, King's Lynn, Norfolk, of Major the Earl of Rocksavage, Grenadier Guards, elder son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cholmondeley, and Miss Lavinia Leslie, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. John Leslie, of Appletree Cottage, Brancaster, King's Lynn



Parrack — Yates

Mr. Kenneth B. Parrack, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Parrack, of Stanmore, Middlesex, married Miss Mary Elizabeth Yates, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Yates, of Oxshott, at Stoke D'Abernon, Surrey



Bartholomew — Long

Capt. John Cairns Bartholomew, the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Bartholomew, of Devizes, married the Hon. Noreen Long, only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Long of Wraxall, at Steeple Ashton, Trowbridge



Twist — Kingsley

Mr. P. H. V. Twist, son of the late Mr. G. G. Twist and Mrs. Twist, of Eathorpe Hall, Warwickshire, married Miss Dian Helen Kingsley, daughter of W/Cdr. S. Kingsley, of 3, Grosvenor Square, W.1, and of Mrs. H. Cappelin



Buckbarrow — Chadwick

Lt. Harold Buckbarrow, Royal Navy, of Lynridge, Shoreham, Sussex, married Miss Joy Heskett Chadwick, daughter of Lt.-Col. R. Chadwick, M.B.E., M.C., of Rhu Lodge, Rhu, Dumbartonshire, at St. Michael and All Angels Church, Helensburgh

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Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis

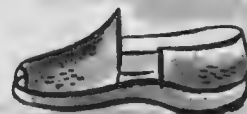
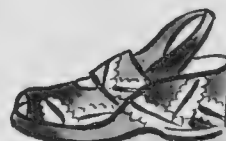
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The Hon. Charles Mills and Lady Sarah Stuart, who announced their engagement in April. Mr. Mills is the elder son of Lord and Lady Hillingdon, and Lady Sarah Stuart is the second daughter of the late Earl of Moray and of Barbara, Countess of Moray, and niece of the present earl

The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Mary Elizabeth Tyser is the only daughter of the late Mr. Walter Parkyns Tyser and Mrs. Tyser of Gordonbush, Brora, Sutherland. She is engaged to the Hon. Anthony Durant Gibbs, surviving son of Lord and Lady Aldenham of Briggens, Ware



Lenare

Miss Rowena Burke, who is to be married on July 8 to Mr. Alexander Walcot Stewart, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Stewart of Great Ness House, Shropshire. Miss Burke is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. R. V. Burke of Little Brook Street, Edenbridge, Kent



Pearl Freeman

Miss Marjorie Ursula Lister, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Lister, of Berkeley, Gloucestershire, who is marrying in August Captain Ian Hesketh Macdonald, The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, elder son of the late Captain A. R. A. Macdonald, R.N., and of Mrs. Macdonald, of the Lodge, Frampton-on-Severn, Gloucestershire



Harlip

Miss Ludivina Frances Stuart-Menteth, daughter of Sir William Stuart-Menteth, Bt., and Lady Stuart-Menteth of Mansfield House, New Cumnock, Ayrshire, who is engaged to Mr. William Sawbridge How, eldest son of Captain and Mrs. How, of Balnacarron House, St. Andrews, Fife

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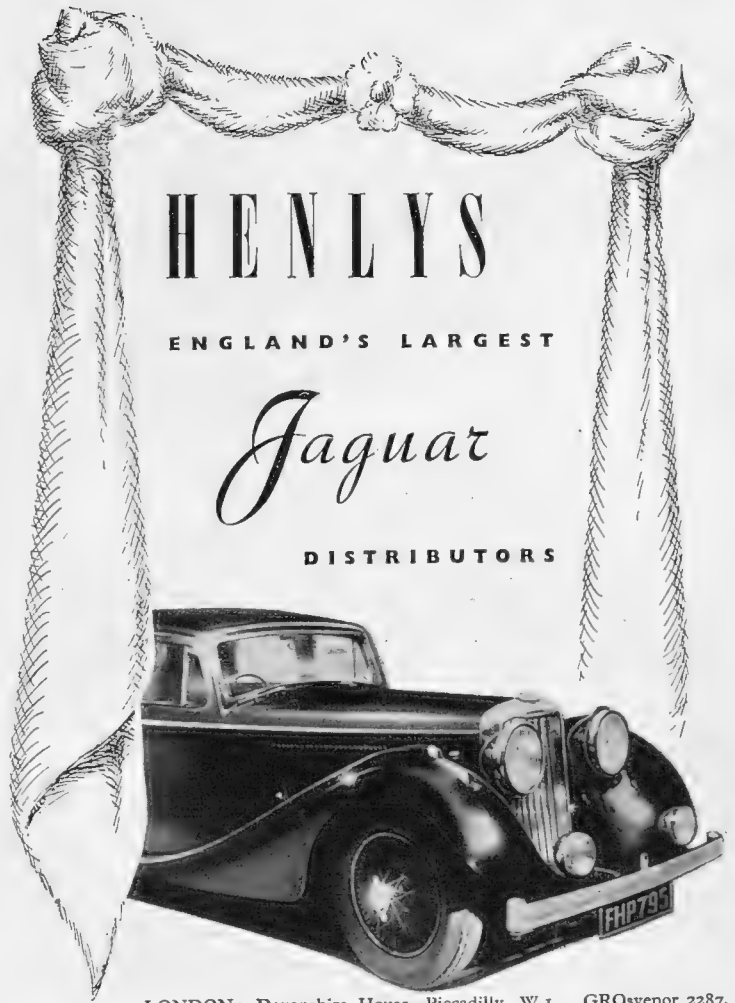
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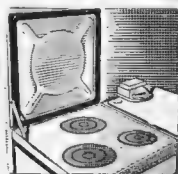
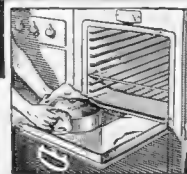
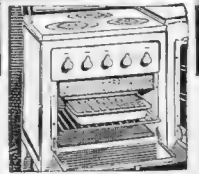


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Oliver Stewarts on FLYING

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One of the many foreign visitors who flew over for the pleasant and well organized Derby International Air Rally and who went on to a London hotel, was puzzled at the latest English formula for "ordering" a meal. At 12.30 he heard a guest say in an apologetic and cringing manner to the waiter: "am I too early for lunch?" and at 5.30 he heard another guest say, in an equally apologetic and cringing manner to the waitress: "am I too late for tea?"

I explained that you can only order lunch at one o'clock. But it is all very difficult. Meanwhile the people in aviation try desperately to make up for the legally enforced lack of hospitality. Foreign visitors always get a welcome at the flying clubs.

The Derby Rally

ON the rallying Friday for the Derby meeting the weather was bad and only two Belgian visitors got through in the morning. The weather even tried—unsuccessfully—to stop Peter Masefield and R. L. Preston from arriving in their Gemini.

The Rally received the powerful and efficient support of Rolls-Royce and by the Saturday the total number of foreign visitors had increased to more than 170. The exact number of aeroplanes from abroad I did not discover; but there were in all about a hundred ranged on the aerodrome.

The programme was excellent—not forgetting the delightful cover design by Rollett to the programme

book—and the air race for the Harben Memorial Trophy provided a wonderful finish. The winner was F/Lieut. J. Findlay, who is staff instructor to Air Schools of Derby.

Aerobatics

SEVERAL displays of aerobatics were given and I hope I shall not appear ungrateful for some good flying when I say that they all seemed to me to fall short of first-class work. The actual handling was accurate; but the repertoires of the pilots lacked variety. The loop-and-half-roll-out was overdone as it nearly always is nowadays. There was little upside down flying, no falling leaf, no bunt, no spectacles, no inverted spin, no crazy flying.

Flick rolls are taboo at the moment; but they ought not to be. A pilot who wants to give a varied aerobatic show ought to include them. Contrary to popular belief, they do not "strain" a suitable aeroplane.

A Royal Air Force Spitfire with contraprop and Griffon engine gave a stirring turn of zooms, upward rolls, loops and dives and the pilot did do one thing which struck me as being pleasant though only a variant of a roll. He did a roll in sections, turning on to a wing tip first, pausing, then turning upside down and again pausing before doing the final bit.

The Jet Display

TECHNICALLY the most interesting part was the show of jet engines, and the Lancastrian with the two Merlins and two Nenes—flown as usual by Captain Shepherd—was as good as ever. The Trent-engined Meteor was important because although the aircraft has been flying for some time I believe it has never appeared before in public. It is, I imagine, the first aircraft in the world to have flown with gas turbines



National Gliding Contests which were held at Bramcote airfield, Leicestershire, had both British and foreign pilots taking part in them. The only woman competitor was Ann C. Douglas, who is seen stepping into the cockpit of her Weihe glider before taking off on a flight

driving feathering airscrews. The airscrews, which are five-bladers, look remarkably small. The take-off of this Meteor is very quick; but obviously maximum performance is much down on the turbojet version.

Altogether this was one of the best shows for years. It was marred only by the bus strike which prevented the attendance in the public enclosures from being high. In fact the strike wrecked the possibility of a big crowd.

The Minister of Civil Aviation, Lord Nathan, flew down in his Avro and opened the show. I think that the organizers, the Derby Aero Club and the Derby Corporation deserve high praise. And as for Rolls-Royce—they did their part as they always do anything they put their hand to, which means superlatively well. Mr. and Mrs. Hives received the guests at the opening party.

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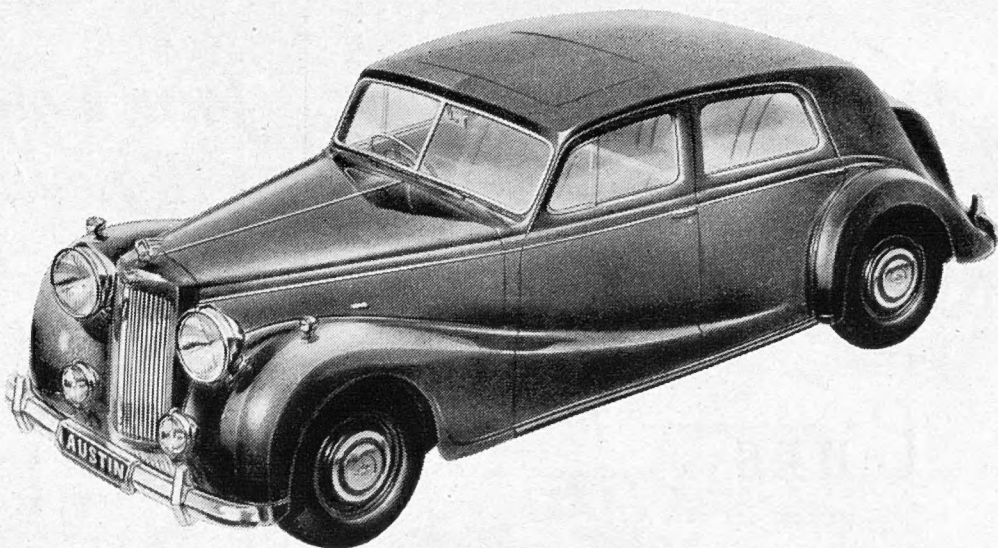
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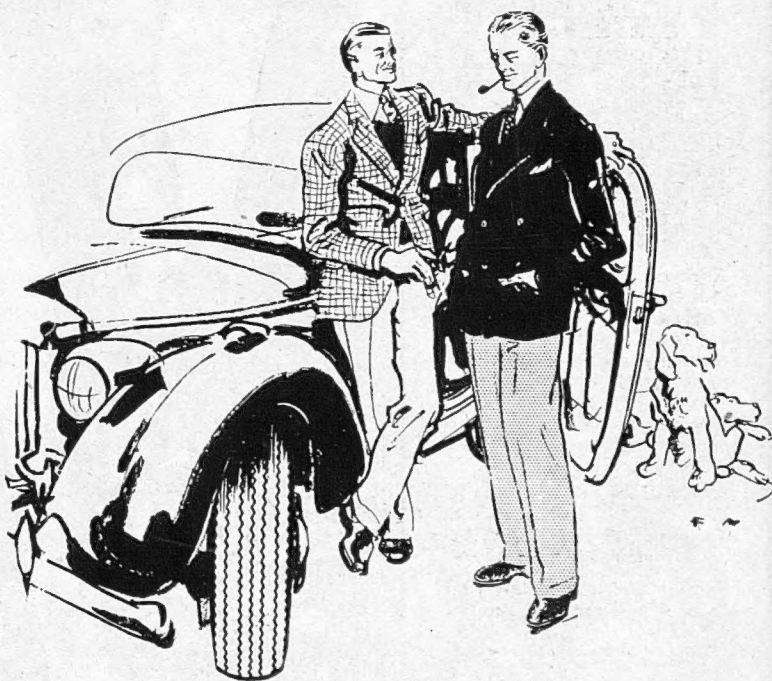
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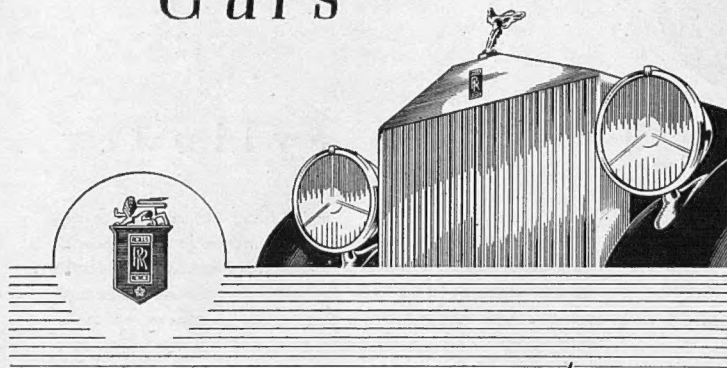
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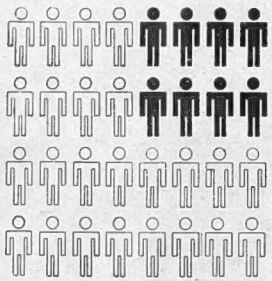
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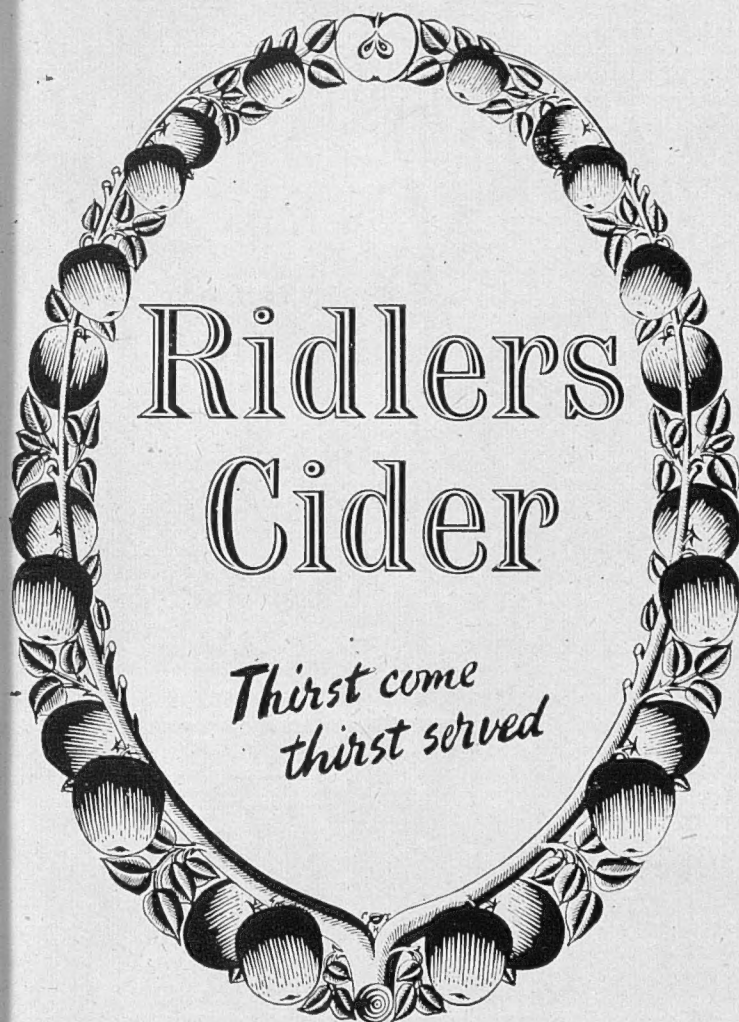
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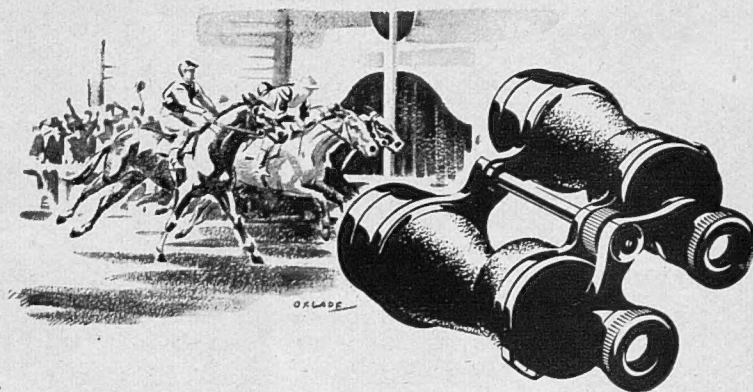
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